

Children's Newspaper, February 13, 1937

A YEAR'S GOOD NEWS
CN Delivered Anywhere For 11s a Year
See back page

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 934

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FEBRUARY 13, 1937

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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DORIS SPENCER'S BURNING DOLL

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OCTOBER 2, 1925

WHAT HAPPENED THEN

The First Face Seen By Wireless

TELEVISION JACK AND TELEVISION BILL

"We have the honour to present this week Television Jack, the first face ever televised."

He is one of the national possessions which come into Arthur Mee's New Domesday Book of England, and he stands in the Science Museum at South Kensington, as one of the exhibits of his famous television, Mr J. L. Baird.

It happens that the B B C has decided to adopt the Marconi system of television and not the Baird system, and it is too early to say what will happen when television is finally established; but it is indisputable that the immortal fame of starting television belongs to Mr Baird. This is the story of Television Jack and of the first human being to be televised.

Real television was first established on October 2, 1925. This was the day of one of the great turning-points in the history of Science. In thanking the International Faculty of Science for a gold medal bestowed on him last month, Mr J. L. Baird, the television wizard, recalled his tremendous excitement on that great day.

The Blob With Three Spots

For over a year he had worked alone in two attic rooms at 22 Frith Street in London, trying to make the features of his wooden Jack, which he called Bill (a battered ventriloquist's doll), come through as something more than a white blob with three black spots on it. Then, after one more adjustment in a seemingly endless series, Bill's features appeared, his head was round, he wore his fatuous grin! Television Jack, as we love to call him now that he is a historic national possession, was the first object to be seen by television.

The young inventor was beside himself with joy. Dishevelled, with no socks on, in carpet slippers, he dashed downstairs and begged leave to borrow a real Bill, young William Taynton, a crippled office boy in the service of Mr Cross on the floor below.

A Great Moment

Taken from his duties all of a sudden like this, the live Bill had very little idea what it was all about. He soon found himself under a blinding light alone in an attic room that seemed to have been fitted up by Heath Robinson.

In the next room the high-hearted inventor saw his hopes crash to the ground again. The screen that had shown him the dummy showed a blank for the boy. He ran to see what was wrong. Young Taynton, not liking the heat and the light in his eyes, had moved out of focus!

"In the excitement of the moment," as the Scotsman explains, he gave the lad half-a-crown and begged him please to "stay put," even if it was very

Television Jack



This ventriloquist's doll was the first thing to be televised. It is now one of our national possessions at South Kensington.

uncomfortable. Now the boy sat like a graven image, and the image came through. Baird shouted to him to open his mouth, move his head. The movements appeared on the screen. *Television at last!*

Baird and young William then changed places. Thus, William Taynton was not only the first human being ever to be seen by television but also the second ever to see anyone televised.

Years later, when Mr Baird had developed his inventions to the point where he needed a staff, William Taynton was taken into the employ of the Baird Television Company, but when the C N tried to find him this week we learned with sorrow that he is now in a sanatorium in Kent.

After that historic day when, with young William's help, Mr Baird had proved that television was possible, he invited the members of the Royal Institution to inspect his work on January 27, 1926. Nearly 50 came, and, as the attic would hold only six at a time, they waited their turn on the stairs.

This was the first public demonstration of real television in any land.

But the inventor saw no reason to rest on his laurels. He was only 37 and

knew this was but the first step. There now came to him one of the most brilliant as well as one of the most useful of his ideas.

He was not, as he realised, dealing with a human eye but with an electric eye, with perhaps a far wider range. He experimented with ultra-violet rays, but they gave little result. Then he tried the infra-red rays at the other end of the spectrum, and discovered that his electric eye could detect a man in the dark and see through the densest fog.

In February of the following year, not 13 months after the first public demonstration, people on both sides of the Atlantic were thrilled by a new development of the miracle. To quote the New York Times, Mr Baird "Disembodied a London audience and flashed it piecemeal at incredible speed across the Atlantic and then reassembled it for American eyes," showing people in New York what people in London were doing at that very moment.

So far television had only been effected with artificial light. In 1928 Baird took his next big step forward by achieving television in ordinary daylight. Close on the heels of this improvement he televised in natural colours; and soon

AUDIENCE OF ONE FOR PADEREWSKI

Successor To Robert Bruce's Spider

Paderewski's spider may not take its place in history with that of Robert Bruce, but at least it deserves honourable mention.

It was a friend of his student days, of which he has lately been telling the tale, and it was musical. One day in his humble room in Vienna, while he was practising an exercise of Chopin, the spider let itself down from the ceiling by its silver thread till it came on to the piano desk.

Paderewski looked at it and went on playing. His exercise was in what musicians know as "thirds," and while he continued the spider stayed, seemingly an enthralled listener. At the end of the exercise the pianist turned to another one, this time in "sixths." But this had no charms for the spider, which immediately rolled up its cable and went back to the ceiling.

Was it a coincidence? Paderewski wondered, and began the exercise in thirds again. Down came the spider!

An Appreciative Audience

This performance was repeated for weeks. Every time the pianist played in thirds the spider took an orchestra stall on the piano desk to listen, and Paderewski got to know his musical admirer so well that he used to watch the tiny creature's eyes while he played.

The odd friendship came to an end when Paderewski left Vienna for the summer. When he returned in the autumn and opened his piano again he sounded the call in musical thirds, but no spider came to hear.

A strange little story, but one which reveals the great Paderewski's simplicity and kindness in a new light, and possibly also reveals our spider friends in a new light. Robert Bruce's spider encouraged him to go forward; may we not say with some assurance that Paderewski's spider encouraged him too, and gave him something of that joy of an appreciative audience which is the musician's true delight?

Continued from the previous column

after that he gave us stereoscopic television.

In 1930 Baird announced that he would soon be able to televise the Derby. He was laughed at, but on June 3, 1931, he *did* televise the Derby.

Often enough Inventor Baird has been a prophet without honour in his own country, but he is no longer without honour. He is still a prophet, prophesying a great future for the new industry. What part he will play in the development remains to be seen. No power on earth can rob him of the glory of having been its great beginner.

CRY OF THE CHILDREN

HOW LONG,
HOME OFFICE?Little Doris Spencer and Her
Burning DollCELLULOID SETS A TRAIN
ON FIRE

We do not know how long the Home Office will be in listening to the Cry of the children to be protected against inflammable toys. Perhaps it will wait for another Mrs Browning to arise to move its hard heart.

The latest tragedy of a celluloid doll is the death of little Doris May Spencer of Battersea. She had just passed her first birthday and had been given a doll to play with, bought by someone who did not know that this plaything was so dangerous. Her mother found her with her doll on fire, and little Doris was burnt to death. The coroner, Dr Edwin Smith, said he hoped the regulations regarding the sale of celluloid dolls would be tightened.

We hope so too. It is a crying shame. Write to your M.P. about it today.

It is not only in this country that inflammable celluloid is doing its terrible work; in China a celluloid toy has sent a trainload of people to their death.

The Burning Express

The story is sent to the C.N. by a reader in the Tientsin Memorial Hospital who knows and approves of our continual warfare against the manufacture of these inflammable toys for children.

While the Kowloon-Canton express was on its way to Canton a passenger accidentally set fire to a celluloid toy, and the blaze spread immediately to other belongings in the coach. Panic seized the people in it, who at once stampeded to the next coach, many being trampled underfoot in the rush.

The flames, fanned by the rush of air, swept through the open connecting door, playing like a blowlamp flame on the fittings and contents of the coach adjoining. Soon both coaches became a furnace. Not till a third coach had caught fire did the engine-driver learn that something was amiss. He brought the train to a standstill near Sheklung, 50 miles south of Canton, where the smoking wreckage was examined. Over seventy passengers had been killed and 26 injured.

It is a heavy price to pay for a cheap celluloid toy.

ALL THE BIRDS KNOW RHODA

A Yorkshire lady sends us this story of her maid's thought for the birds during the winter.

The house was being shut up for a fortnight while we were away, but before we left Rhoda bought two stones of bird seed, which she left in an out-house where she could get it in my absence. She is staying six miles from home, but two or three times a week she will walk two miles to the bus, go home, and put out seed, and, if it is frosty, take water with her for her feathered family. Then she will take the bus back and walk two miles at the other end.

All the birds for miles round know Rhoda. She feeds them every day and gives as much care to their food as to ours. They know they can always find clean water to drink and wash in, and a good meal, even though Rhoda is on holiday and has to come twelve miles.

THE FIERCE BATTLE FOR MALAGA

A fierce battle was fought last weekend for Malaga, an important port on the Mediterranean 50 miles east of Gibraltar. Ten rebel columns attacked the town at the same time, while rebel warships bombarded the defenders. A distinguished Englishman, Sir Chalmers Mitchell, well known for his work at the London Zoo, is one of the few foreigners in Malaga.

Farewell

To "Lax of Poplar," Rev W. H. Lax
of the Poplar Wesleyan Mission

He will be forgotten by none who knew him. He drew men and women to him everywhere by his sympathy, his humour, and his knowledge of human nature. He controlled six religious centres and built up three churches, all based on the view that religion teaches us to look on the sunny side of life.

To Mr Elihu Root, American
citizen, who has died at 91

He was one of the greatest Americans; the first President Roosevelt said he was the ablest man he had ever known in Government service. Our own Lord Bryce said he had never known a man with a wider range of vision or a mind more fair and just. He tried to bring America into the League of Nations. He won the Nobel peace prize. He helped to found the World Court of Justice at The Hague. He lived out of the world of Abraham Lincoln into the world of Woodrow Wilson, and all his life he was on the side of peace and justice and fair play.

To the village blacksmith of Topcliffe

He has earned a long repose, dying at 63, one of the friendliest of all Yorkshire blacksmiths. He was John William Reynard, whom everyone called Jack, and year in and year out you could hear his bellows roar. His forge was the meeting-place for old and young, and children coming home from school looked in at the open door. There was never a broken toy he could not mend, and for news there was no place for miles round like Jack's smithy.

To Trumpeter Charles Duly
who has died at 79

His life has run out at South Creake in Norfolk, and the Last Post has sounded for him. But he is remembered as Lord Roberts's trumpeter at Kandahar, where he sounded Reveille for the 9th Lancers in 1880.

40 YARDS OF SHINING
STEEL

Something New on the Railway

Believed to be the longest rails ever yet produced, the L.N.E.R. at the York works of Messrs Skinningrove are having made steel rails 120 feet in length.

These great rails each weigh nearly two tons. When finished they will be laid in the main line near Peterborough at a point where expresses such as the Silver Jubilee reach speeds of 90 miles an hour. They are part of a scheme to reduce friction caused by joints and to improve the running both by making smoother travel and lessening noise.

Twenty-five years ago the standard main line rail lengths were 30 and 45 feet, and after the war this became 60 feet.

IT SHOULD NEVER HAVE HAPPENED

The official inquiry into the explosion at Gresford Colliery and the death of 265 men has at last been completed after two years.

All the evidence led to the inevitable conclusion by the Chief Inspector and his two colleagues on the Board of Inquiry that the accident ought never to have happened.

It was known that the working conditions were dangerous, yet miners continued to fire shots in a part of the mine where ventilation was faulty. It was proved that many rules established by law to ensure safety were broken.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE

Hull has had a shock, but a very pleasant one.

A little while ago it scrapped some of its trams, exchanging them for trolley buses, and the city transport authorities anticipated a loss for the year ending in March of about £4000. Now, to their astonishment, they can see a profit of at least £8000—a most welcome upsetting of their calculations.

THE RESOLVE OF
Mr ROOSEVELT

Planning the New America

DEMOCRACY AND THE
SUPREME COURT

President Roosevelt continues to make history.

No longer is American Democracy to be flouted by the Supreme Court which the American written Constitution set up nearly 150 years ago with power to decide whether laws enacted by the American Congress were within the principles laid down by that Constitution.

No less than eleven times in President Roosevelt's first term of office the Supreme Court declared his measures illegal.

If we had such a position here the laws made by Parliament could at any time be declared void by a bench of judges. Fortunately, our British Parliament is supreme; only Parliament can change what Parliament has done.

Roosevelt was chosen President for a second term of office by an overwhelming majority, and in the House of Representatives he has a majority of 334 to 89, while in the Senate (the upper house) he has a majority of 75 to 17. The will of the American people has been clearly expressed, and the President is proceeding to free Congress from the dead hand of the Supreme Court.

Constitutional Proposal

By a bold stroke he proposes to use constitutional means to make the Constitution work.

1. Under the Constitution judges of the Supreme Court are appointed by the President with the approval of Congress. Once appointed they cannot be removed.

2. At present there are nine Supreme Court judges, but the number is not fixed by the Constitution; it is constitutionally decided by Congress.

3. The President is asking Congress to give him power to appoint an additional judge for every existing one who is over 70. This he does because it is the opposition to reform on the part of six of the existing nine judges which has wrecked recent legislation, and each of the objecting six is over 70. Therefore, unless the six resign or cease to obstruct, the President can raise the number of judges to 15 and secure a majority for his legislation if it is again challenged in the Court.

4. The President also proposes that the Court shall give precedence to the hearing of legislative cases, so that undue delay shall not occur.

Want of Legislation

The President's enemies call his proposals "packing the Supreme Court" and accuse him of wishing to become a Dictator, but common sense is with those who hold that the American Constitution, interpreted by conservative judges, must not hold up progress.

The great floods and strikes which have been disturbing America illustrate the case. For want of legislation the obdurate employers have refused to meet the trade unions; and for want of proper control the great rivers have broken loose. These things the President is resolved to put right, just as he is resolved to reafforest the areas which private adventurers reduced to desert.

MISSISSIPPI FLOODS HELD

As we go to press the news is that the American floods have been held in check by the night and day labour of over a hundred thousand men.

Women and children, removed from Cairo as a precaution, are still, however, forbidden to return home. The deaths have numbered over 400, and the damage many millions of pounds.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

Cyclists in Denmark are to carry number plates.

The names of five school teachers and two Directors of Education appeared in the King's first Honours List.

A small boat carrying food and mails has at last reached the little Shetland island of Foula, which has been completely isolated by the gales since December 27.

Lifeboats were launched 64 times last month and saved 71 lives.

This has been Wood-Pigeon week, pigeons being shot everywhere because they are damaging crops.

The skeleton of a sperm whale washed up recently at Bridlington has been bought by the Natural History Museum.

A Manchester bird dealer has been fined 40s and five guineas costs for offering a wild linnet for sale.

A Liverpool policeman is to be rewarded for his invention of a wireless receiving set suitable for a pedal cycle. The City Council is to recommend a sum of £25 as a reward for his disinterested action in not claiming a royalty.

The vicar of St. Andrew's at Eccles has given a pint of his blood to save the life of one of his parishioners.

Since the allowance of 200 free local telephone calls a year the calls have increased by 3,000,000 a week.

JANET ONE AND TWO

Two Janets have been going on their travels recently.

One is Janet Robertson, who is 14 and lives in the Isle of Skye. Taken ill, she went by air to Glasgow, a flight of nearly 200 miles, with the wind beating against the plane and the snow whirling round the windows.

The other Janet is only four, but she has sailed alone for Canada. She is Janet Martin of Blyth in Northumberland. Her father saw her off at Liverpool, and she is to be met at the other side of the Atlantic by her grandmother.

200 YEARS OF BEAUTIFUL BOOKS

At Sheffield's Central Library is an exhibition of rare and beautiful book-bindings of the 16th and 17th centuries, some examples from Chatsworth House, and others from the libraries of notable book-collectors. Illustrating the craftsmanship of England and other countries over a period of about 200 years, almost all the bindings are remarkable for their exquisite workmanship.

THINGS SEEN

A hare looking at a dog in a Kentish wood.

A swan holding up traffic in a Weymouth street.

A horse chestnut in leaf in Hampshire on February 5.

A yellow rose in full bloom in Kensington Gardens.

THINGS SAID

The Roman wall is the most impressive Roman monument north of the Alps.

Sir George MacDonald

One free meal a day for schoolchildren is the Labour Party's demand.

Mr Shinwell, M.P.

The underground car park is rapidly removing our traffic anxieties.

An official at Hastings

It is by the will of men that war is made.

Miss Ruth Fry

It is mighty hard to be a disciple without the help that going to church gives.

Bishop of Manchester

We tried to show the world what an honest attempt at disarmament meant.

Sir Thomas Inskip

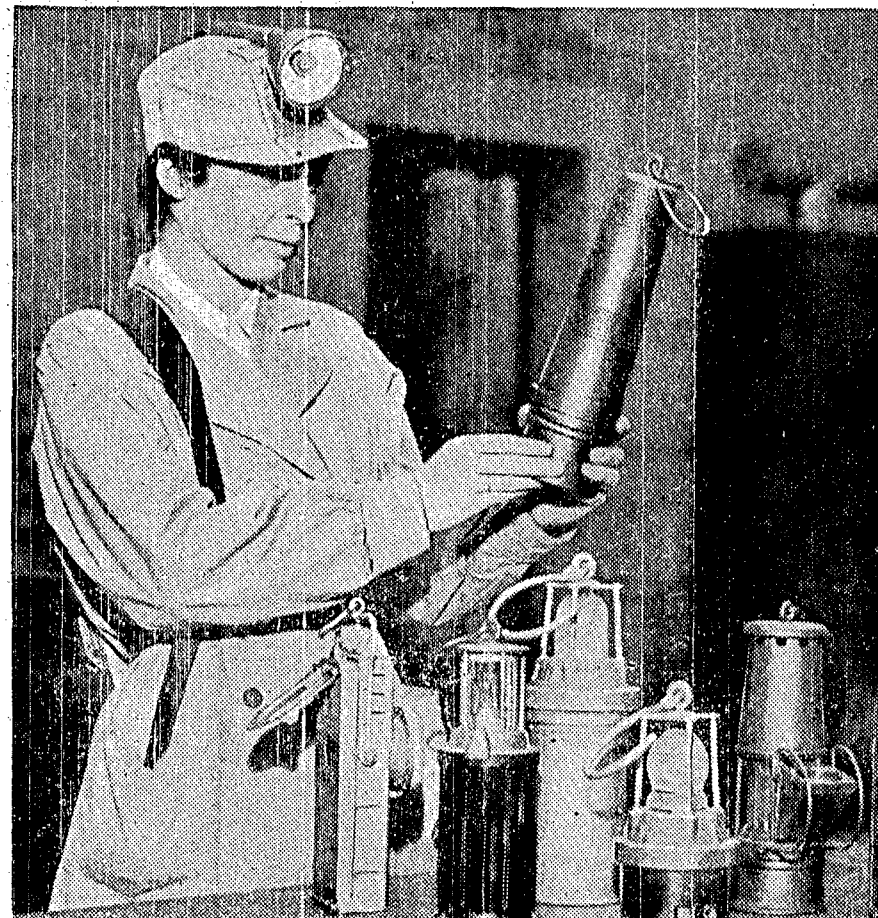
Testing Pit Lamps • Snow on the Matterhorn • Girl Pipers



A Tree, a Man, and a Mountain—A skier pauses to admire the rocky snow-covered peak of the Matterhorn



Beachcombers—Collecting coal washed up by rough seas at Cullercoats in Northumberland



Pit Lamp Expert—Miss Monica Maurice testing miners' safety lamps made by a Sheffield firm



Big Dog and Little Boy—Little John Abson of Wickford in Essex with Nanson of Netheroyd, said to be the biggest Borzoi in Britain



Schoolgirl Pipers—Girls of North Hackney Central School who have formed a pipe band

WORK AND PLAY IN 24 HOURS

Nine Hours For Child Workers

A LOOK AT THE NEW FACTORY BILL

A long overdue Factories Bill has been introduced by the Government.

It is very long, for, wisely, it embodies all former laws while improving them. The grave fault of the measure is that it does not go far enough.

Other countries are spreading work over their populations while limiting the amount done by each worker. The 40-hour week will soon be a world commonplace, but the new Bill knows nothing of it.

We heartily welcome the proposed reduction in the hours of labour of women and children. Now the law allows women and young people to work 55 hours a week in textile factories and 60 in other factories. This is cut down for women to 48 hours for all factories, plus six hours emergency overtime, but the overtime worked by any woman must not exceed 100 hours in a year.

The child worker's week is not to exceed 48 hours, and no child is to work overtime or lift heavy weights.

Health and Safety

The working-day of women and children is reduced to nine hours, exclusive of meal-time. Let us think what this means. There are 24 hours in a day. Nine hours' work, if we allow an hour for meal-time and 30 minutes for coming and going, makes the working-day well over ten hours. If we allow the worker to sleep for no more than eight hours we account for over 18 hours, leaving less than six hours for washing, dressing, breakfast, supper, and recreation.

The new Bill does much to improve factory conditions, insisting upon greater cleanliness, and better lighting, heating, sanitation, ventilation. It insists on proper provision against fumes and dust. Medical supervision becomes compulsory.

Then there is safety; new rules are made to guard workers in the use of machinery, lifts, hoists, and cranes, and to prevent explosions.

Each worker must enjoy 400 cubic feet of factory space; the present figure is only 250 cubic feet.

The Government states that the extra cost to the State caused by the new Bill will not exceed £30,000 a year.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID?

Peter Puck learns that a prize has been won for the new name of domestic servant for domestic servants. He wonders why?

Servants will never remember it and would feel most uncomfortable in such a wordy cap and apron. Why should they want a better name than servant? The best of us are servants. Only the idle and the useless serve nobody.

Our Prince of Wales's motto is "I serve." The King is his people's servant. The Prime Minister is the King's servant. He is a proud man of whom it is said that he served his country well. There is an old phrase which speaks of the highest service of all, as the service which is perfect freedom, and Milton drew a picture of the Angels of the Lord:

*And all about the courtly stable
Bright harnessed angels sit in order
serviceable.*

But if change there must be, why not go back to the old English fashion of calling servants the maids? It is a charming, graceful word, and is not much worsened if it becomes housemaid, parlour-maid, sewing-maid.

We went wrong when, borrowing from the French, we called them domestics. We should return to our maids.

SECRETS OF THE KING'S CROWN

IN one of London's secret places skilful hands are quietly shaping the most precious thing in the Empire.

They are re-modelling that Crown which is the one link of unity, the visible symbol uniting all the nations composing the British Commonwealth. None of the crowns fitted the King, so they are being adapted in readiness for the great day of the Coronation.

Could we watch the jewellers at their task we might be surprised to see the ease with which the gems are taken out and returned to their place in the diadem.

These masters of their art have made these stones safe for quick and secure handling by two surprising devices. The priceless diamond clips into the crown, and comes out at a touch of the hand to which the secret is entrusted. Moreover, for greater security, the frame of the crown has little fine gold chains attached to it.

The Crown Jewels, guarded as such historic treasure must be, are treated much like other jewellery. They have their periodical clean-up. Out they come to be polished, for London fog and air are no more respectful to the bright jewels of a king than to the metal toy of a child.

The Unforgotten Hero in His Unknown Grave

EVERY week an old lady of 86 walks from the old manor house of Gestingthorpe, Essex, to the church, there to polish with her own hands the brass tablet to her son.

It is more than 25 years since he passed away from her sight, but his memory can never be tarnished while Britain cherishes the recollection of his brave and glorious death, for he was the Captain Oates who went with Captain Scott on that tragic 900-mile sledge journey to the South Pole from which none of the explorers returned.

When on the return journey all hope had gone, he made the supreme sacrifice. He gave his life so that it might possibly save his friends.

He could scarcely stumble along during the last days. He asked his nearest friend what he should do, and all the reply was "Slog on—just slog on." But the hour came when he could slog on no longer. The party waited for him. When they made their last camp he knew that he hindered them, that their

During the war an attempt was made by a German aeroplane to bomb the Jewel House. A bomb did fall near; it broke a pane of glass in the Jewel Tower. It killed a pigeon, but the jewels escaped.

That naturally caused a sensation, and the romance and variety of reports describing the safe places to which the jewels had been removed rivalled the intimate details with which the supposed coming of Russian troops to England were described. One report was that they had been taken at dead of night to a Cornish castle in a special train, accompanied by two other trains filled with military and machine guns; another sent them to a cavern at Bath; a third was certain that the entire Crown regalia had been anchored at the bottom of the Thames.

The truth was, as Sir George Young-husband, Keeper of the Crown Jewels, has told us in his book, when the time came a royal car arrived at the Tower, received the jewels in their cases, and, with no one the wiser, quietly drove off with them to Windsor Castle, where they were placed without fuss or ceremony in the royal safe.

last frail chance of safety was whittled down by the encumbrance of his helplessness.

They would not leave him; but he knew what he must do. When he woke in the morning from a few hours of restless sleep his mind was made up. He struggled to his swollen feet and limped out into the blizzard, saying, "I am just going outside; I may be some time."

He had no intention of ever coming back. He chose death to enhance the slender hope of life for the others.

His sacrifice did not save them, but it was not in vain, for what he did shines as an act of inspiration to the world.

None knows his resting-place, but no one will ever forget him. The snow enfolded him, and there he will lie. Near the last camp a rude cross was set up, and on it are the words, "Hereabouts died a very gallant gentleman."

That description of him is on the brass his mother keeps bright while she lives, and its meaning will never be dimmed.

Boys and Girls Come Out To Play

ANYTHING giving boys and girls sound bodies as well as sound minds is good for the nation, and all will welcome the Government's intention to take up the physical fitness of the rising generation.

It is strange that at this time of day, when the British people have taught all the rest of the world to play games, they should be asked to go to school again to learn new ones in a new way. We have all the games we want, and no people play them oftener, or in greater numbers, or with greater profit to their heart and lungs and muscles. We think they have learnt something else also, which is Playing the Game. Facilities

for doing this in increasing numbers is what a growing nation wants. Here the Government can help. Above all the boys and girls want more playing-fields, and they should be put where they are easily got at.

Most of the holiday recreations for boys and girls are provided by private effort. The holiday camps and the Boy Scout camps are a national health cure for mind and body, and we are not sure that they ought not to be put on the taxes. Taxpayers would more readily pay for them than for gymnastic exercises.

If the Government scheme makes of young people good playfellows it will have done as much as any Government can do.

All in the Game

IT would have been pleasanter if England had pulled the Test Match at Adelaide out of the fire instead of Australia.

That should not blind the English cricketer on the hearth to the fact that it was Australia which did the pulling, showing us, not for the first time, that their men have learned from the Old Country the trick of playing best with their backs to the wall.

They had to win this Test Match if any interest was to be left in the tour or any faith in Australian cricket; and they did it. They did not begin too well; but when the English eleven did little better the Kangaroo flew at the lion like a tiger. The match will always be memorable for the way in which the

mighty Don Bradman bore the Antipodes on his shoulders with an innings of 212; and Fleetwood Smith, the googly left-hander, shattered England's last hopes with Hammond's wicket.

As English cricketers we hope for the luck of the toss at Melbourne in the deciding match, for, taken all round, the two elevens are as nearly equal as elevens can be. But, win or lose, we owe a debt of gratitude to Australia and to Australian cricket. Their cricketers have always kept the interest in the game alive, with some new invention or method, and the flame of enthusiasm for cricket has never died down in Australia. Also, the profits of this tour will help to save some English counties from financial disaster this year.

THOSE IN PERIL ON THE SEA

Joy Cometh in the Morning

Winter storms have been taking a heavy toll of life at sea, and Hull has again been mourning.

Over 250 people were present at the Fishermen's Bethel when a memorial service was held for the crew of 18 of the trawler Admiral Collingwood which sank with all hands off the coast of Norway on New Year's Eve.

It was a sad little company, all the sadder because they feared the loss of another Hull trawler with 17 men on board.

Time and time again Hull has seen proud ships sailing away never to return, but sometimes ships which have come back long after all hope had gone. Perhaps the most remarkable instance of this was 10 years ago, when sorrow was suddenly turned to joy.

In 1836 the Swan, a Hull whaling ship, sailed north and was caught in the ice. Unable to return that year, she was held up for months till all hope of ever seeing her again was lost. The spring of 1837 came, but the ship was unheard of, and as summer came on a deep gloom settled over Hull. At last the owners declared the ship lost, and on July 2 a memorial service was held on what was then known as Dock Green. A collection amounting to nearly £50 was made for the families of the crew, and the service was almost over when a whisper went round that the Swan had been sighted at the mouth of the Humber. There was intense excitement and the meeting broke up. Next day Hull was thrilled by the arrival of the ship which all had thought lost.

LITTLE CHAP

From a Correspondent

George was such a little chap when his master bought him, but he was growing very fast, and soon he would be ready to bite any burglar who tried to break into his master's garage.

How he loved chasing the broom when the yard was being swept! It did not matter to him that the boys could not do their work properly; they were only pushing that broom about for his amusement.

One day George was seized with distemper, and during a fit he rushed out into the fields and was lost, though his master searched for him for half the night. Somehow he found his way home next morning, but he was blind. Nothing could be done for him, and he was put painlessly to sleep. His master was heartbroken.

Something had to be done; he could not bear the emptiness left by his loss.

At the other end of the town another little dog was under sentence of death; if no one claimed him he must be put away too. His reprieve came in time. George's master bought him, a friend gave him a beautiful kennel, and now he is safe and happy. "But I shall never forget the other one," said his master; "he was such a fine little chap."

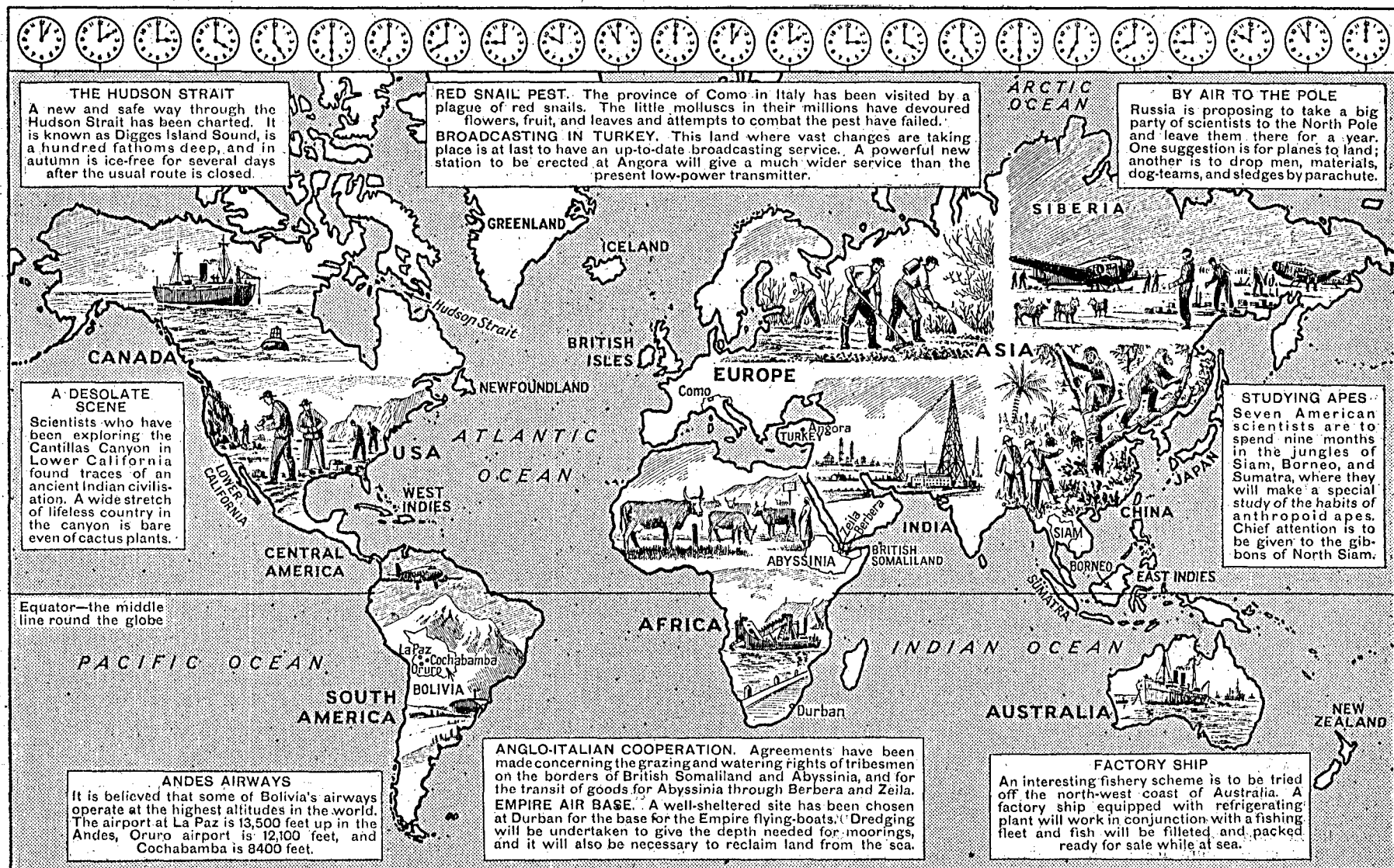
THE LIVE RAIL

Farmers and landowners are protesting vigorously against the use of an unprotected live rail by the Southern Railway in its electrification of the line running through rural West Sussex.

The live rail is the third rail from which the engine picks up energy. It is familiar to us on the Tube, where it is fairly safe because people have no need to leave the platforms. In the country, however, the system is an obvious danger to animals who may stray on to the railway.

The solution would seem to be that the line must be adequately fenced and guarded and that proper warning notices should be posted.

CN Picture-News and Time Map of the World



WHERE A TRAIN IS GOING

A Good Thing Being Done and a Good Thing Gone

At last a British railway company has decided to make a train show plainly where it is going! We congratulate it.

Following recent experiments on the Birmingham-Euston service, the LMS has decided to introduce a new type of carriage-name-board on its chief express trains. The board, which is 12 feet long, is placed in a prominent position on the side of the carriages instead of the roof as formerly, and gives in distinctive lettering the name, starting point, and destination of the train.

Why not go farther and establish a better name-board system on every platform? A readily-moved signpost with clear name-boards could be placed in charge of a special servant. Particularly this is needed where, as is so often the case, a train is in two parts, with different ultimate destinations; in such a case the signpost would be moved to the point at which the train is to be divided. Every day many unfortunate travellers go astray in divided trains.

Also, why not tell us inside the carriages where we are? In the old days of the Underground the name of the next station always appeared in the carriage as we approached. It is one of the good things the Underground has thrown away.

PAINT NEWS

The frequent peeling-off of paint has been carefully studied; it is caused by the shrinking of the oil used.

An American manufacturer is said to have cured this trouble by compounding his paint with a mixture of soya bean and tung oils. These, it is said, do not shrink through weathering, and the paint film remains firm and durable.

THE LITTLE CHAPEL ON THE BRIDGE

The Bishop of Wakefield has launched an appeal for funds for the restoration of the chantry on the old bridge over the Calder.

Few bridge chapels are left in England, and the one at Wakefield is a rare treasure which should be preserved at all costs. Endowed by Edmund Duke of York in 1398, it is known to have been standing where we see it today at least half a century earlier. The chapel has suffered much, and today the original front stands in a garden a few miles off, the front which Sir Gilbert Scott gave it in 1847 being now so worn that it looks older than it is. After being used as a shop, a warehouse, a library, and an office, the chantry is a chapel again, the Calder washing its old foundations, the traffic crossing the river by the handsome new bridge only a few yards off.

About 50 feet long and half as wide, the chapel has seven windows with fine tracery, an elaborate piscina, and a richly carved 14th-century niche with a vaulted canopy. A stair brings us to a tiny crypt, and there is another stair to the roof.

A FILM OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTION

The recent film lectures by Dr Julian Huxley and others at the Royal Institution were so successful that a sound film apparatus is to be installed.

The moving film can do so much. It can be slowed down to make visible in detail or growth what the eye can only see as a flash, or can be speeded up to exhibit in a brief space of time a lengthy process in which the unaided eye can see no change. As an illustration of slowing down, the flight of the humming-bird, which cannot be perceived by the human vision, can easily be watched through slow-motion photography.

A DOG WITHOUT A BARK

At Islington this week will appear dogs which ought to establish themselves as prime favourites in the Englishman's home.

They are the Basenjis, hunting dogs from Central Africa, but not much bigger than fox-terriers. They never bark. They wash themselves like cats. Just the type for the small detached villa.

Small dogs are coming into favour as Londoners retreat to blocks of flats and find a difficulty in giving the pet its morning run. The Scottish dogs are strongly represented at Cruft's Coronation Dog Show this week, and the convenient dimensions of the German dachshund make him a prime favourite. There are 507 of them at the show, and they leave even the Peke behind. But the 807 Cocker spaniels top the list.

THE FINNY TRIBE

Goldfish and other ornamental members of the finny tribe are being imported in enormous numbers, showing how popular private aquaria have become.

It is stated that 50,000 goldfish were recently imported in the Aquitania, and that further consignments, averaging 200,000 a ship, are expected regularly each week on the liners Queen Mary, Berengaria, and Aquitania. The fish are kept in a big aquarium until distributed to stores.

MR MOLE, ANTIQUARY

A flint arrow-head picked up on Harter Fell above Middleton-in-Teesdale is believed to have been brought to light by a mole.

This is not the first time we have heard of a mole with an antiquarian interest, for some years ago a Yorkshire mole unearthed a Roman brooch which was afterwards picked up near Whorlton-in-Cleveland.

BIG AND LITTLE LONDON

The County Dwindles and the Town Grows

What is called the County of London, ruled by the LCC and a number of Borough Councils, is continuously and rapidly dwindling.

In 1901 the County had 4,536,954 people; in 1931 it had declined by 139,951. Since then the fall has been rapid. There is no doubt that soon the LCC area will have fewer than four million people.

As for the remnant of the old City of London proper, ruled by the Lord Mayor, there are only 9760 people left in it as residents, although, of course, during the day-tens of thousands of brokers, merchants, agents, clerks, shop assistants, and others swarm into it to earn their livings. In 1801 the City had 128,000 actual residents.

The real modern London, the Greater London that is ever widening its boundaries, grows apace.

The LCC population goes afield where better housing is to be found, and at the same time the outer parts of Greater London gain recruits from other parts of our island.

London, together with the neighbouring parts which share its life, work, and interests, now numbers some ten million men, women, and children.

As the whole of Great Britain has about 46 million people, this means that London and its environs contain more than a fifth of the island's people.

The London municipal hospitals have grown so great that they now have twice as many beds as the more famous private hospitals. Municipal housing in London has made such progress that the number of dwellings for workers is now more than twice as great as ten years ago.

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 13 1937

One in Three

President Roosevelt today

I see a third of our nation ill-housed, ill-clad, ill-fed.

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman in 1903

About a third of our nation is in the grip of poverty.

ONE in three, then, is the problem. Let us think a little while about them.

Poverty is a relative term, and may mean different things in different countries; but it is to be feared that, to take any reasonable standard, both these utterances represented, and still represent, the truth.

British poverty remains, in spite of a general rise in the standard of living. It is impossible to go anywhere in our country without finding abundant evidence of what President Roosevelt has put like this:

Millions of families trying to live on incomes so meagre that the pall of family disaster hangs over them day by day.

These things matter to us all, old or young. We often counsel children to study invention, to become acquainted with the systematic knowledge we call science, to learn while young what cannot readily be acquired in age. It is equally necessary to study human society.

We all matter to each other. Wealth for ourselves is positive gain, but without wealth for others its value is narrowly confined. Good it is to be a member of a society where happiness and contentment prevail. How infinitely better a moderate income in a happy community than a lot of money marred by the knowledge of a multitude of inescapable miseries.

We honour Mr Roosevelt for speaking so frankly of poverty. It is too little understood either in his own country or our own. Travellers return from America with tales of skyscrapers, but the truth is that the majority of Americans live in shabby houses. American films often reveal the bitter truth about the sordid tenement houses of the great cities. Yet it is also true that, if we go by money tokens, an American woman often earns as much as a man does in England.

For ourselves, encouragement is to be found in the undoubted fact that since Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman denounced the poverty-stricken One-in-Three of 34 years ago we have removed many dark stains from our land. But how much remains to do! Here, as in America, the majority of people live in houses unworthy of a scientific age. What great work this offers to the children to whom we speak! What splendid opportunity is theirs to fight the good fight with Poverty!



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The King's English in the People's Parliament

AN amusing campaign against time-dishonoured phrases has been opened in Parliament by some of the younger members.

When one of them found on the order paper a motion containing the phrase "explore every avenue" he promptly put down an ironical amendment to strike out these words and substitute "leave no stone unturned."

Ministers are chaffed with joyful cheers when, in answering questions, they give any of the following answers, which have been used from time immemorial:

The reply to my honourable friend is in the negative.

I assure my honourable friend that the point he raises is under constant review.

The honourable member may rest assured that the matter will not be lost sight of.

It is impossible for me to say more at this moment than that all relevant considerations will be borne in mind.

What's in a Word?

A NEWSPAPER reporter the other day wrote that a motor-liner steamed slowly into port. Curiously enough, he would have been just as inaccurate if he had written that the ship sailed into port.

How are pedantic people to describe the progress of a motor-ship? On the analogy that a steamer steams we might use the horrible expression that a motor-ship exhausts into harbour. To say that it motors along would sound almost as silly. But old words die hard, and no doubt ships will continue to sail (manned by sailors who have never handled sails), so we may leave it to future generations to find a new word for the motor-ship, just as the flying-men have put their own expressions into our language.

Too Many To Mention

If there is one spot in all the world where we might not expect to find happiness and thankfulness it is, surely, in a home for incurables. Well, Alice Pickup was in a home for incurables when she wrote this:

I SCARCELY know what to say about thankfulness, because we have so many blessings we cannot count them.

When I was going down in the lift the other day I experienced a feeling I had never had before. I wondered if I was half thankful enough—to be taken out of one room into another without any trouble to myself. Then we have home concerts and special teas and visitors—so what a lot we have to thank God for! And I am able to lie in this room and watch the flowers grow, and to enjoy the look-out. One thing I must thank God for, and that is that I can see and hear and understand; so my blessings are too numerous to mention.

Four Ambassadors

FOUR successive Ambassadors of Soviet Russia in London have suffered an evil fate.

Kameneff was expelled by the British Government and was recently shot. Kakovsky was exiled to Siberia. Krassin died in disgrace. Sokolnikov has just been tried for treason and sentenced to ten years imprisonment.

Uneasy lies the head that is sent to London by the Bolsheviks.

Tip-Cat

PETER PUCK wants to know if painted ladies will wear red, white, and blue lips for the Coronation.

THERE is a camera boom in Holland. Here it usually clicks.

GOOD-TEMPERED people escape the flu, says a writer. When they get it they are no longer good-tempered.

OXFORD has a miniature cox this year. A small advantage.

THERE is no room for pictures in the modern house. What about the drawing-room?



MP on the Carpet for Criticising North Ireland Government, says a headline. Does he want sweeping reforms?

WAITRESSES have had a ball. They had to wait for it.

THIS troubled planet is an inconspicuous speck of dirt, says an astronomer. But to some of us a pleasant spot.

THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

A THOUSAND miners near Wrexham sacrificed 4d of their wages to help one miner in distress.

THE Milk in Schools Scheme now benefits 2,500,000 children.

A MEDICAL survey shows that 89 per cent of school children are in normal health.

THE mayors of 31 towns in Victoria, Australia, have refused to provide alcohol at council gatherings.

JUST AN IDEA

Why not a law instructing tailors to provide everyone with a litter pocket, not forgetting the lady who tore up a letter in a London square and threw down the scraps of paper?

The Winter of Our Discontent

THE weather experts have been making sad prophecies, telling us this winter is to be exceptionally severe.

Nothing is more likely than that they will be wrong, but if they are right we may be sure this winter will be no harder than many in the past, and people seem to have enjoyed them.

All down the years our poets have tuned a merry note for this season. It is true that Shakespeare tells us somewhere that a sad tale is best for winter, but in Love's Labour's Lost he is in a happier mood:

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,

Tu-whoo;
Tu-whit, Tu-who—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Again he puts into the mouth of an exiled duke the brave words:

Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
This is no flattery.

But there is a merrier note still, and Thomas Noël (one of winter's children) sings:

Old Winter sad, in snow y-clad,
Is making a doleful din,
But let him howl till he crack his jaw;
We will not let him in!

There comes Cowper to welcome this forbidding time, saying pleasantly:

O Winter, ruler of th' inverted year,
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening, know.

Henry Thoreau has no complaint in his tones when he writes: "Now for a mellow fire, some old poet's page, or else serene philosophy."

Besides, the ills that winter brings are nothing compared with its great gift of Christmas, the jolliest season of all the year. The frosty air makes the fire burn more brightly, the cold wind keeps young and old at home; but it is still with most of us as it was when Sir Walter Scott wrote in Marmion:

England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year.

For our comfort when the days are dark and the weather is hard we may remember Shelley's stirring challenge, *If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?*

The Daily Round

Here in my workshop where I toil
Till head and hands are well-nigh spent;
Out on the road where the dust and soil
Fall thick on garments worn and rent;
Or in the kitchen where I bake
The bread the little children eat,
He comes, His hand of strength I take,
And every lonely task grows sweet.

The Tragic Story of Mary Queen of Scots

350 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK SHE WALKED CALMLY TO THE SCAFFOLD

It is 350 years this week since one of the most pathetic figures in history walked calmly to her death.

Like a wild thing in a cage, she was always looking for happiness and never finding it. She loved the warm south with its gay life, and was driven to the cold north with its mists and mountains. She was a queen, but the poorest peasant woman in her kingdom went less sorrowfully to bed. Beautiful as she was, her name was linked with deeds which made all Europe shudder. She played a losing game with Elizabeth of England, and, though her friends died for her, her enemies hounded her to death at last. She was Mary Queen of Scots.

The Infant Queen

HER story, one of the strangest mixtures of romance and tragedy outside fiction, is the story of an unutterably lonely and pathetic woman who failed at every turn, though she was ever hoping to win, for to the end hers was an unconquerable spirit.

Born in December 1542, she was greeted with unkind words, her dying father James the Fifth of Scotland declaring that the birth of a girl was a bad omen, and that the dynasty which had come with a woman would go with one. Before she was a week old she was Queen of Scotland, and she was not a year old when the crown was placed on her head at Stirling. When only five the little queen was hurried off to France, the land where her mother's relatives, the Guises, were powerful; and there, in company with the Four Marys—Mary Livingstone, Mary Seton, Mary Beaton, and Mary Fleming—her education began.

Her Happiest Years

SHE grew up with the royal children of France. The sister of Henry the Second, a lady who was declared to be one of the most accomplished and learned in the land, directed her studies, and she became a good scholar, with a fair knowledge of Latin, a little Greek and Italian, and a love of poetry. English and her native language she did not learn till years after.

We have the word of a cardinal that round about her twelfth year Mary was both beautiful and clever. A lovely and fascinating girl, she displayed exceptional intelligence, was unrivalled for her brilliant complexion, fine features, and charm of manner, and had a sweet voice, accompanying herself on the lute.

Before she was 16 she walked in a brilliant procession up the steps of Notre Dame, passing amid all the nobility of France into the great cathedral, where she was married to the Dauphin. Hardly had the fêtes and banquets and marriage celebrations ceased than her husband became king, and she queen; but within a few months this young girl with all her dazzling beauty, all her dreams of uniting France and Scotland and England, was weeping as a widow.

A Centre of Intrigue

It was the beginning of all her troubles.

Queen of France she had been for a little time, enjoying all the gaiety of the Court, all the round of pleasure which was hers. Then she saw the hostile Catherine de Medici gather power into her hands, and from that day she was a nobody.

Instantly she became the bewildered and often rebellious pivot round which countless schemes were for ever revolving. The disappointed Guises plotted to return her to power. The Roman Catholics plotted to put her on the throne of England in place of the young Elizabeth, who had been queen no more than a few months. Spain wanted an alliance with her, Scotland was divided about her, some of her countrymen

wanting her back in their midst, others wishing to keep her beyond their coasts.

It was back to Scotland she went at last, the passionate young widow who wanted happiness above everything else, and never finding it for long. There was a fog in the river as she sailed back to her father's kindred, and very cheerless Scotland must have seemed the day she landed at Leith. Fires were lighted to welcome her; but she found the Reformation melodies played outside her window a poor recompense for the French love-songs she had so often heard.

Before she had been long in Scotland she was weeping because she could never please anyone. By going to mass in her

was born; and before the year was out Mary was known to be in love with a fighting man named Bothwell, who seemed a hero in her eyes, though he was in truth a thoroughly worthless fellow.

It is believed she plotted the murder of Darnley with him. Mystery surrounds the terrible episode, and there were plots and counterplots, but it seemed almost certain that Mary, blind to all but her love for Bothwell, enticed Darnley to Kirk o' Field, a lonely house, outside Edinburgh, leaving him to his fate while she danced at Holyrood.

At two in the morning of February 10, 1567, the citizens of Edinburgh were wakened by a terrific explosion. Part of

into the lake. He then rowed Mary to the shore, where George Douglas and fifty riders were ready to risk everything for her sake.

But her good fortune did not last long, and in May 1568 she fought her last battle. It was at Langside, where, as soon as she saw the defeat of her supporters, she turned with a heavy heart, and eyes filled with tears, and rode over 90 miles without a halt.

When we think of all that happened in her life, all the bursts of passion, the disappointments, the plots, the endless schemes and deceptions and pleadings and proud commands and stirring incidents and tears, it is almost incredible that this woman who had been Queen of France as well as Queen of Scotland was still only 25. She had lost two kingdoms, but she remained a consternation in Europe. For years she was to be the cause of anxiety in England, a menace to the good estate of the realm and the safety of Elizabeth; but her days of freedom were almost done. Riding south from Langside she made up her mind on the spur of the moment to cross the border and throw herself on the mercy of her cousin, Elizabeth of England. This impetuous action proved the greatest mistake of her life.

Elizabeth's Prisoner

SHE spent the rest of her days in prison.

She was not always a close prisoner, being shown much consideration in the various great houses and castles to which Elizabeth sent her. She was allowed to ride abroad, to hunt, to be entertained, to have a host of servants and attendants, but for all that she was a prisoner. She could neither go to Scotland to see her son nor prevail upon Elizabeth to allow him to visit her; and all the time she was planning to escape, always hoping, always scheming, always dreaming of some turn in Fortune's wheel which would give her power again. Her dreams never came true. For 19 years she was a prisoner.

Plots and Counterplots

As the years dragged on she was more and more carefully guarded, her liberty was constantly curtailed. From castle to castle she was moved, now at Bolton in Yorkshire, now at Tutbury, now Wingfield. Wherever she went the Roman Catholics followed; and it must be true to say that there has hardly ever been a woman on whose behalf so many conspiracies were set afoot. In some of them she had neither part nor lot; in others it seems clear she was the prime mover. So it went on, Elizabeth's ministers intercepting many of her letters and executing many of the plotters; but Mary herself they chose to keep as a prisoner till the time was ripe for her execution.

The time came after war with Spain had at last been declared. The Babington Plot disclosed a conspiracy against Elizabeth's life, and England instantly demanded the death of the Queen of Scots. More letters were brought to light, though it will probably never be known if some of them, or parts of them, were forgeries.

The Tragic End

THE hour had struck. Found guilty of treason, Mary was sentenced to death, though Elizabeth made a pretence of trying to save her; and on February 8, 1587, the Queen of Scotland bowed her head at Fotheringay, her troubles being ended at a single blow. Her prayer book, stained with tears, is one of our treasures today.

With all her faults, and in spite of all her crimes, she remains a pathetic figure, and her story has captivated for many generations all who are moved by a great human tragedy.



Mary Queen of Scots, walks to the scaffold—From the painting by Robert Herdman

private chapel she brought terrible thunderings about her head, stern John Knox standing face to face with her and declaring that one mass to him was worse than 10,000 of the enemy. With all her feminine arts she could not appease him, though she threatened and stormed, pleaded with tears, flattered, and stood before him in all her youth and beauty. Knox remained firm, and, seeing how firm he was, she determined to use all her power for the restoration of the Catholic faith.

Married To Darnley

IN order to further her plans she was prepared to marry the son of Philip of Spain; but her schemes were frustrated and again she was in tears. Then, with an eye to striking at the English throne, she made up her mind to marry Lord Darnley, hoping that if ever she had a son he would one day be king of England as well as of Scotland. Vain and obstinate though Darnley was, she married him; and if she had ever felt any real love for him it was soon apparent that she hated and despised him—he in his turn becoming suspicious of her every time he found her in company with her Italian secretary, David Rizzio. In March 1566 one of the most terrible scenes in the history of our land took place at Holyrood Palace, Darnley and his fellow-conspirators murdering Rizzio within sound, if not in sight, of the unhappy queen.

Three months after, Mary's son, destined to be James the Sixth of Scotland and James the First of England,

Kirk o' Field was a heap of smouldering ruins, and in the garden were the bodies of Darnley and his servant.

Some pretence at an inquiry into the affair was made, but instead of Bothwell being accused of murder he was rewarded with the gift of Dunbar Castle. Nor was that the end of the chapter, for before Scotland had finished talking of the explosion there was more news—Bothwell, with 800 horsemen, waylaid the queen as she was returning from Stirling, where she had been to see her child, and carried her off to Dunbar. Most of those to whom this news came must have smiled grimly, knowing how willingly she would have become Bothwell's prisoner.

Less than three months after the murder of Darnley Mary was married for the third time. Her husband was Bothwell, whom everyone believed to be a murderer.

The Fatal Letters

STILL there was no happiness for the Queen of Scots. Bothwell, she found, did not love her. Moreover, Scotland was against her. Letters found in a silver casket were made public, and there followed such a storm that she was compelled to abdicate in favour of her son.

Meanwhile she was a close prisoner in Lochleven Castle, her escape from which was not the least of all the romantic episodes in her crowded life. With the aid of a page of 16, she crept out of the grim fortress, the youth locking the door after them and dropping the keys

The Wonderful Dog on the Railway Line

ON the staff of the Great Western Railway are 25 fully licensed sheepdogs.

Their duties are to keep the sheep in the Welsh valleys from becoming Welsh mutton. Round about Cardiff and Newport when the skies clear the sheep stray down from the hills to seek the railway cuttings, where the grass is sweeter. Signposts mean nothing to them, and the fences not much. Like some kinds of railway passengers, they get in anywhere.

But in the cutting they are a menace to the passing trains and are in constant peril of their lives, for a sheep has no railroad sense and never gets out of the way of a train in time. They must have guardians, and the railway provides them on the spot. The sheep, having slipped their own shepherd and his dog, find a new shepherd in the railway ganger and a new sheepdog on the line.

These railway sheepdogs are a class apart, generally with a touch of the mongrel, but no less clever on that account. The trained sheepdog is a wonderful creature, as any who have been to sheepdog trials will enthusiastically admit, after seeing him round up three or four sheep of the flock, and, obedient to the whistle, guide them where they should go.

But the ganger's dog is a specialist trained since he was a six-months puppy. He will respond to his Welsh master's word, or his whistle, or even his signals by hand, never making a mistake or taking the wrong turning. But he has learnt to act on his own responsibility without waiting for the ganger to come up and tell him to get those trespassing sheep off the line. If he always waited for the word of command the train might get there first.

The railway sheepdog knows what the whistle of an approaching train means; he hears it afar off before even the gangers working on the permanent way

do, and he barks and barks to them to tell them to get off the line, and stops there himself till they do.

But if he has any sheep in charge he gets to work at once and hustles them fiercely yet skilfully out of danger. In a sheepdog trial the opening through which the sheep have to pass is indicated. In a fenced railway cutting the dog has to find it, and show it to the sheep.

He may be the only one who could see it; but in his doggy mind these obscure beacons are marked, and he drives his charges along the safety way.

That is not his only responsibility, because sometimes when he comes upon the trespassers there is no time to get them off the line before the train comes. Sometimes two trains will be approaching while the dog is striving to get a sheep off the track. Even in this dangerous predicament the dog does not lose his head. He lies down between the lines till both trains have passed.

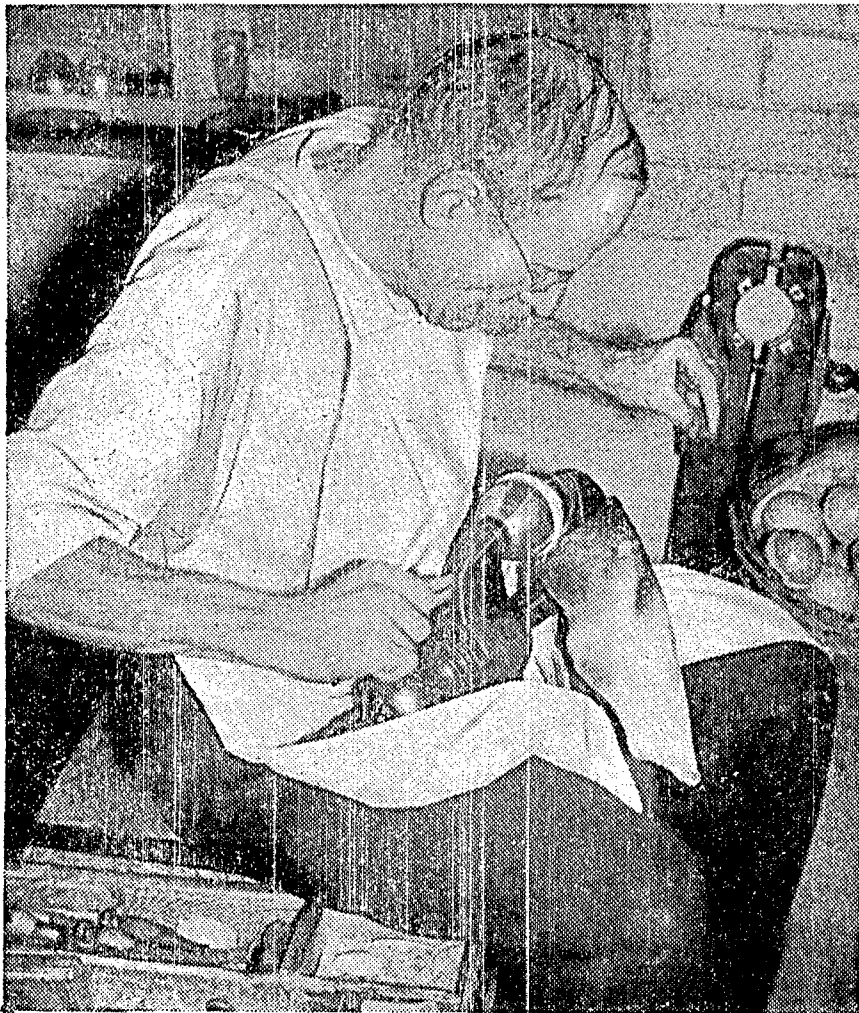
These wise dogs live with their masters, the gangers, and a number of them have seen seven years' service. They enjoy life and see plenty of it.

SMOKE WITHOUT A FIRE

The opening of the Manchester Academy's Spring Exhibition has reminded a critic of a tale of Ford Madox Brown, whose Town Hall frescoes are one of Manchester's glories.

One day he was painting a farrier shoeing a horse when he turned round and declared he could smell smoke. Everybody sniffed; nobody smelt anything; no fire could be found. But Madox Brown was sure of it; the next house must be on fire. The next house denied it, and then Mrs Madox Brown solved the puzzle. "Don't you think, dear, it is because you are painting smoke you believe you can smell it?" she asked; and, though the painter at first would not agree, that was what it was.

How a Cricket Ball is Made



An old craftsman at work in a cricket-ball factory near Maidstone

SHIPS THAT MADE US Busiest Shipyards Since 1930

THE DAY OF THE BIG VESSEL

If the British Navy made the British Empire, the British mercantile marine sustains it. Lloyd's Report on merchant shipbuilding in 1936 makes an interesting story.

It was the busiest shipyard year since 1930, but the output was still poor, only 856,000 tons, a figure which, however, looks handsome compared with the 188,000 tons of 1932 or the 499,000 tons of 1935.

When we look at earlier years we realise how much has been lost. In 1913 the output was nearly two million tons, and in 1920 over that figure. All these facts relate to merchant ships only; no warships are included.

Things are better now than last year, and we may hope that the output may again rise above a million tons.

Big Ships

It is the day of the big ship. Last year 12 vessels exceeding 10,000 tons were launched, including the Orcades of 23,400 tons. The motor-ship again made headway, half the vessels launched having internal combustion engines.

Now let us turn to the world at large. In all countries last year 2,118,000 tons of merchant ships were launched, so that the British share was more than a third of the whole. Before the Great War, however, British yards built two-thirds of the aggregate. We could not expect that astonishing proportion to last for ever.

TIRED OF SILLY NOISES

The BBC has had a surprise from Scotland, and we rejoice in it.

Some 200 boys and girls between 14 and 18 met at the Scottish Broadcasting House, Edinburgh, at the invitation of the BBC to give their opinions on broadcasting.

They proved to be serious-minded. They asked for politics, literature, art, drama, and Scottish music, and for *less crooning*. They asked for more native music, and said that even the BBC Scottish Orchestra could not play their music correctly.

As for jazz bands, they thought that the musician's talents were being wasted on unmusical sounds. They also said that a sports director was wanted to organise sports commentaries.

A show of hands indicated that only a small percentage had their decisions influenced by their parents.

We believe it to be not only in Scotland that young people are getting very tired of the noises, vocal and instrumental, of the jazz orchestras who are allowed so much time by the BBC. It has become very boring, and more and more people turn off their switches.

A BIG WASH

The biggest church in the country is having the biggest wash in history.

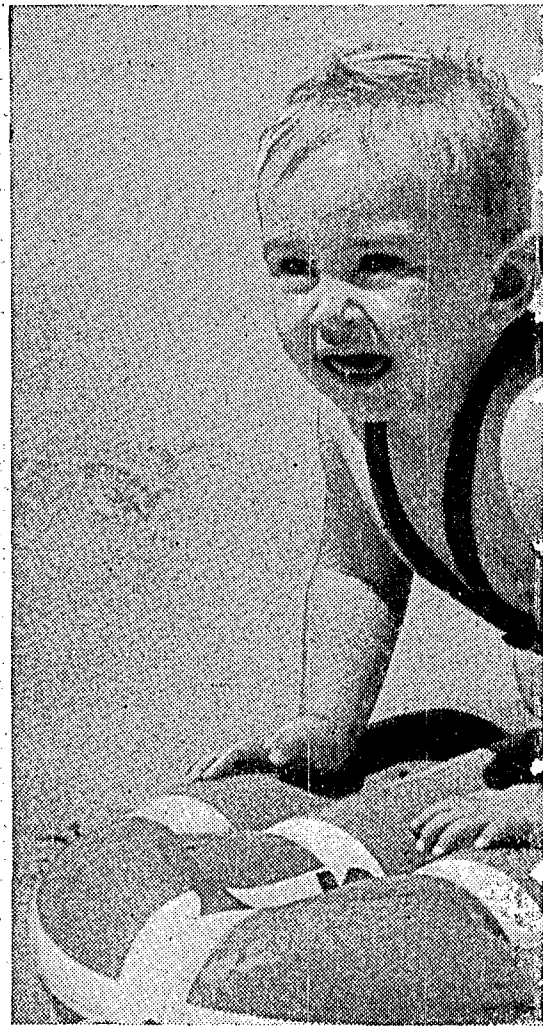
A few days ago men armed with hot water and soft-soap mounted scaffolding erected in York Minster and attacked the grime of centuries, now ingrained in the stonework.

They are doing the work thoroughly, for the pile of the Minster is too precious for scamped or hurried workmanship.

The work will not be finished for many years, and it is thought that some of those who have begun it will not live to see it end.

One part of the wall, near the famous Five Sisters Window, has already been washed free from the dirt and whitewash of centuries, and now stands out a pure pale yellow.

Summer Time



Winter Time



The top picture shows a little toddler with a rubber ball

In Australia



In England



on the sands at Sydney ; below is a scene on a Kent farm

TUBES OF SILENCE

Smoothing the Rails

ABSORBING THE CLATTER

Some day we are to have noiseless trains on the Tubes. The London Transport Board hints at the Coronation year.

It seems too good to be true, but when we are told of the many small improvements that have been added one to another in the search for silence we begin to have hopes.

Some of the steps taken have proved to be no good. The Tube railways tried a four-inch thick mattress of sea-grass enclosed in a wire mesh, and spread in a six-foot band along the tunnels, to absorb the noise. It did not absorb much. Nor did another thinner mattress of loose-textured asbestos felt. Spraying the sides of the tunnel with an asbestos composition was also a waste of money.

The Main Source of the Noise

Then the engineers turned from the tunnels to the rails and the sleepers, from which clearly the noise arises before it has any need to be absorbed. The standard rails were 42 feet long. Consequently there were numberless small gaps between the sections, and the trains bumped at every gap. When the Piccadilly line between Hounslow, Piccadilly Circus, and Finsbury Park was extended to Cockfosters, near Southgate, 90-foot rails were tried. It was found that in the tunnels on this extension there was much less noise.

The next step was to substitute these 90-foot sections in existing tunnels and weld the lengths together. Again the plan succeeded. The roar was reduced. It was reduced more when a rail-grinding machine was used to smooth out the dents and imperfections in the rails. This is said to have made the tunnels about half as noisy as before.

Asbestos Mattresses

Then a most ingenious plan was tried. Shields with mattresses of asbestos, or other sound-absorbing stuff, were placed like shelves along the tunnels, and so low down in them that they are near enough to the footplates of the trains to trap the noise coming up from below. This reduced the noise by another fifth.

The Tube trains are therefore nearing the point when their journey along the tunnels will be only one-fifth as noisy as they are now. The length of rail is to be increased to 270 feet, possibly to 360 feet.

The clatter of the rails is only one kind of noise to be taken in hand. The brake blocks are to be silenced. Thicker glass will reduce rattle. These improvements will take time. It is possibly too hopeful to expect them completed in Coronation year. When nearly complete silence is attained we may ask the Transport Board to admit another noise, a clear voice calling out the names of the stations as they come.

CURFEW RINGS OVER RIPON

For a thousand years curfew has rung out every night at Ripon, Yorkshire's smallest city.

The cathedral bell rings over the roofs, and from the four corners of the market cross the Ripon hornblower sends a resounding note. He wears a fawn jacket and cocked hat, and his horn, successor to one used in Saxon times, weighs 19 pounds.

One day not long ago the hornblower was a victim of influenza. His deputy was also on the sick-list. A friend at once volunteered to sound the horn, but though he blew hard not a note was heard. It was left to Mary, the hornblower's daughter, to keep up the ancient custom. Wearing the famous coat and hat, she took her stand in the marketplace, and sent the familiar note over the city as nine rang out from the cathedral tower. So curfew rang over Ripon as of old time.

London's Riverside Promenade



A sunny day snapshot on the Victoria Embankment near the C N office

THE POLICEMAN AND THE GEYSER

ICELAND's great geyser is again in full working order.

It ceased to spout in 1914, and nothing would move it long after the war was done. Now it has been moved on by a policeman.

The policeman is Jon Jonsson, who was born near it on a farm at Lang, and often as a boy would hurry from the fields where he was at work, when a rumbling foretold the geyser's intention, to see it spouting. It did so then at regular intervals, though not so often as in the mid-nineteenth century, when pictures of the wonderful geyser were in all the school geography books.

It was then one of the wonders of the world, and the eminent German, von Bunsen, came to see it where it spouted 60 miles east of Reykjavik. He measured it with true German precision, finding its rim 60 feet across, its funnel 10 feet, and the depth from the rim to the bottom of the funnel 65 feet. He took the temperature of the boiler, and found it 80 to 90 degrees in the basin and up to 130 degrees at the bottom of the funnel.

Though it was not till 23 years ago that the boiler ceased to blow up, it had been failing for a long time. When visitors travelled to see it the Icelanders used to rouse the old giant by throwing into the basin quantities of soap. But at the last even half a hundredweight of soap brought no response.

This was when Jon Jonsson took it in hand. He did so in no unlearned way. He had left Iceland, but returned to it with the Wegener Scientific Expedition, and had learned much about geysers and volcanoes old and new. He came to the conclusion that what was wrong with the old geyser was that the water was not kept hot enough. Too much came up into the basin from below, and there, becoming cooled by contact with the air, passed on this loss of temperature to the boiler below.

Accordingly, with the help of a friend, he cut a narrow channel through the rim of the geyser basin so as to lower the surface of the water and leave less in contact with the air. The task took 16 hours, and by then the water surface was reduced to half its former size. At the same time the diggers found that the temperature had risen to 93 degrees in the basin and 125 degrees below.

They finished their job at midday. Then they threw in some soap and retired to a distance to wait for results. Four hours and a quarter the geyser kept them waiting, and then, to their joy, up it went, in a column of boiling water and steam, as high as a block of London's newer flats. For a quarter of an hour the display went on.

Fourteen hours later up it went again without any prompting, and now it is a steady worker, taking about 12 to 15 hours' rest between spells, and asking only for a small quantity of laundry soap to lubricate its action.

A QUEER HARVEST FESTIVAL

A harvest festival without fruit or flowers must be almost unknown, but one of this kind has been held in Salem Congregational Church at Hunslet, an industrial part of Leeds.

In place of the usual decorations the church had a platform round which were gathered steel forgings, pressed steel plates, pieces of machinery, and a silver model of a gasholder. Green foliage made a pleasing show between the iron and steel, a reminder that the finished mechanism is really a product of the soil, from which it was originally brought to light.

The idea behind this unique festival was thankfulness for the harvest of ore from the earth and the wealth that comes from the things men make. Those who attended the services were chiefly metal workers.

THE LORD CHIEF OFF THE BENCH

How Hard the Life of a Judge Must Be

Our Lord Chief Justice, Lord Hewart, whose wit grows riper every day, has been convulsing with laughter the guests of a banquet at which he responded to the toast of Bench and Bar, and we pass on his remarks, thinking it well worth while.

The life of a judge no doubt appears easy to those who have escaped it. Yet a little reflection seems to show that a good many things are expected of him.

He is required to exhibit profound and permanent impartiality, but at the beginning he has only just left the Bar, where his clients probably expected of him a complete and invincible partisanship.

Moreover, he must be at one and the same time a cold and remote figure, a stranger to the joys and sorrows of human life, but also a man of the world, intimately understanding the emotions and the preoccupations of mankind.

The Full-Bottomed Wig

At one and the same time he must be a miracle of experience, knowledge, and sympathy; but he must also be capable at decent intervals of asking such questions as *What is a Test match?*

How can a man reconcile these and other conflicting demands? The secret consists, I fancy, in two things: first, a prolonged and severe training at the Bar; second, a full-bottomed wig.

It is easy enough for the man, or the miracle, who is called a judge, to be one person with his wig on and another person with his wig off, but really to satisfy in patience and in silence his conflicting cravings and obligations he must have recourse to his full-bottomed wig. The stimulative advantages of that headpiece were, as you recollect, recognised by the wise men of old when they set it upon the head of the Sphinx in an effort to represent the first and last of the mysteries that no one could fathom.

One other requirement is essential. There are three incantations which he must accustom himself to utter frequently, and with complacency.

Should a Judge Confess?

One is, "In my opinion this matter falls within a very narrow compass." The second is, "This argument seemed likely at one time to raise an important and difficult question upon which, if it had arisen, I should, of course, have been happy to express my opinion, but as it does not arise I need not refer to it." The third is, "Speaking for myself, I am bound to confess"—this, that, or the other thing, though why a judge should confess anything I have never been able to understand.

Once the judges were about to present a loyal address, and the draft which one of them had proposed began with the words, "Conscious as we are of our imperfections"; but there were those who thought the phrase seemed to indicate an unbecoming humility, whereupon an amendment was suggested: "Conscious as we are of one another's imperfections. . . ."

THE ROAR LIKE THUNDER

The salt mines of Cheshire play havoc with the buildings above.

As everyone knows, there are streets in many Cheshire towns where the houses look as if they will fall any minute; and from time to time the earth opens and swallows a whole building.

This is what has happened near Sandbach. For years a disused pumping station with brick walls and a chimney 30 feet high had been a familiar sight. Then there came a roar like thunder, the ground opened, and down went the pumping station and the chimney with it. Where it stood is now a huge cavity so deep that not a brick of the building can be seen.

THE LIFE-STORY OF A RIVER

All the world has been watching with anxious bewilderment the terrible adventures of the Mississippi River. It is worth while to look into the story of a river which plays so great a part in the life of mankind everywhere. Let us look at our own Thames.

FROM where the Thames wells up from its springs in the Cotswolds to where it flows into the North Sea is no more than 215 miles; but this river, though of such diminished volume in a dry summer that at low tide it is almost possible to walk across it at Kew, makes London the foremost port in the world by its long and graduated estuary from London to the sea; and in its tidal reach below Kew, and in the greater reach which is non-tidal above Teddington, it affords a perfect study of the life-story of a river.

The Source of the Thames

Its most authentic source is at the Seven Springs near Cheltenham. A river does not start at the top of a hill, because there is no supply of water there except when it is raining. Some of the rain soaks into the hill and escapes as a spring lower down the slope. The upper part of the hill serves as a kind of sponge which holds the water that soaks in and only allows it to escape gradually. Before the supply is exhausted the next shower of rain may come. The spring will then be permanent, and will be the source of a permanent stream. The source of the Thames in a dry season seems no more than a pond and a stagnant ditch, and may be very hard to find; but in good time a tiny fall resolves the water into a clear rill, and away it goes to become a streamlet, a brook, and a river, doing a river's work.

The Work a River Does

Its first business is to cut out its path. Two things are happening, the water is digging for itself a channel and at the same time is carrying downward some of the soil it is scooping out. At the beginning its work is chiefly that of a navvy. Only later will it throw down in its own bed some of the material it has dug up. In the upper part of its course, therefore, the river deepens its channel, and this part is often known as the Valley Tract. In the lower part the river spreads out the material that it carries and tends to form plains, and this part is called the Plain Tract.

If the river were the only excavator the sides of the valley would be upright, as they are in the Colorado Canyon, where the rivers run between vertical walls. But while the river is cutting downward rain and wind and frost wear away the sides and the valley becomes V-shaped. The final shape of the valley depends on the hardness of the rocks and the rainfall. If the soil is easily worn away and there is a fair amount of rain the slope of the sides will be gentle and the valley wide.

Where the Stream Runs Swiftest

In the lower part of a river's course more material is deposited than is worn away in the river cut. Consequently the valley is not deepened. But the river can still wear away its banks, and this wearing away continues in the Plain Tract and results in altering the course of the river. Whatever is worn away from a bank is balanced by its deposition in some other part of the bed of the stream, and the channel shifts.

If for any reason one part of the bank is more easily worn away than the rest the course of the river will become curved, and when once a curve is formed the river tends to increase it. In flowing round a bend the water runs faster on the inner, or shorter, side of the bend, but the wearing away takes place on the opposite bank where the flow is slower. Therefore, though the stream is swiftest on the shorter side of the bend, it is there that the deposit takes place. The result of this process continued through hundreds or thousands of years is that a river running through a plain, as the Thames does, takes a meandering course, and meanders, called after the River Meander in Asia Minor, of increasing curvature are formed. The

process will go on till the meander forms almost a complete circle with a narrow neck of land between the extremities of the curve.

At length the river will cut through this narrow neck and become almost straight. The former meander will remain as a backwater for some time, but the entrance to it will gradually be silted up because the current now goes by the shortest way and in the meander the water is now still. In the plain the river is continually rubbing away sideways, making meanders and cutting them off, and in its lifetime of unnumbered centuries its course is always changing, swinging from side to side, and producing a nearly flat level of great width. The limits of its sideways movements are marked by rising ground on each side of the broad and even floor through which it meanders, and because it is not cutting downward the river is sunk but little beneath the level of the surrounding flats.

The Effects of a Flood

In flood-time the water rises above its banks and spreads over the floor of the valley, which is now described as the Flood Plain. When this happens the current is strong within the channel but over the flooded area the water is still. Mud is deposited at the margin of the current because there the speed is slackened, and a bank of mud is therefore formed on the edge of the channel. When the flood ceases the deposited mud remains, raising the river banks above the level of the plain. The river then again begins to deposit in its proper channel, raising the level of its bed. Consequently, though the banks are higher than before, their height above the bed may be no greater and the river will not be less liable to overflow. In the course of time the banks may be raised to a considerable height and the bed of the river may lie above the level of the plain, as many of the rivers of the Fens do.

Three Centuries of Control

All these developments, wide Valley Plain, meanders, and Flood Plain, are visible in the long valley of the Thames, and were much more visible three centuries ago when the course of the stream was much less artificially fettered by weirs and channels and embankments. Those three centuries are like a day in the immensity of time taken by the river to form itself. Since the first man looked on it the level of the river has been lowered not less than 60 feet, the stream having seen its way down, leaving tier above tier, terraces of sand and gravel. The flood loam of ancient periods made those vast areas of brick earth which now occur on both banks. We can trace on both sides its gradually widening valley and its flood plains.

The Power of the Tide

Such a river is a tremendous and mysterious force, and attempts to interfere with it often produce unforeseen effects. Even the lessening of floods by embankments or by cutting new channels may have disadvantages, for the flood water, made to run away to sea, no longer sinks into the lands of the valley to supply the wells in the river's domain. But when in its lower reaches the river becomes tidal the difficulties of harnessing it without doing harm become extreme, the tides introducing new forces immensely greater than those of the river's flow.

One of the advantages the Thames possesses, and passes on to the Port of London, is that of an estuary widening like a funnel from Woolwich to the Nore. This has allowed its deposits to spread out toward the sea without forming a bar at the river mouth; but either side of its natural channel is beset by shoals, and on these the strictest watch has to be kept by all who are responsible for our Thames shipping.

AN AUSTRALIAN DOWN AND OUT

Story of the Grateful Digger

Here is a story sent to us from Australia, and one of the people in it is the Right Hon. W. M. Hughes.

All Australia knows him, and England knew him too in the war, when he was Australia's Prime Minister. He is now Minister of Health.

Not long ago he went out to the Hammond Hostel at Sydney, one of the hostels distributed about Australia by Canon R. B. S. Hammond to shelter men who are out of work for the time being. The men are not down and out, but they might be if it were not for the hostels, which they call Hammond's Hotels.

Mr Hughes, the year before last, gave them a Christmas address of the kind he thought would suit them, not bothering to assure them there was a good time coming, but telling them about some of the bad times he had known.

One of Us

He had been one of them, he told the men. He had tramped the streets of Sydney hungry. He had slept night after night in the caves of the Domain (Sydney's public park, with caves something like the old Dark Arches of London's Adelphi). He wore his boots out of their soles tramping for a job and not finding one. All sorts of things had happened to him before he got started on the road which led him through a Labour Union into Parliament.

Mr Hughes told his tale well, bringing in all the odd ups and downs he had met, and which though they seemed now to have their funny side were not so funny then. The men listened to him happily. "This is one of us," they said, nodding their heads, and spoke truth.

Down in the Depths

Afterwards one of them wrote to him, and with the letter sent a ros note; and this is what he said. He began by saying that when he sat in the Hammond Hotel that night he was right down in the depths of despair. He simply could not see a ray of hope anywhere.

"Then you came in and told us of your early struggles. I looked at you and thought to myself—Everyone of us here is younger than you. Nearly all of us are much stronger physically than you. A few of us are perhaps better-looking. If you could rise to such great heights as you have done from perhaps much harder times than any of us have ever had to go through, well, there was hope for me, surely."

Then the writer went on to say that just after New Year's Day he went on the trail, had the luck to get a job, and kept it. That was a year ago; and now he was back in Sydney for Christmas again, with a Savings Bank account and money in his pocket to spend. No need for him to go this year to the Hostel, though he never wished to stay at a better place.

Bread Upon the Waters

He then explained the meaning of the ros note. He sent it to buy a little present for Mr Hughes's daughter, just as an expression of his gratitude for showing him the way which even the saddest down-and-out can climb up.

Finally he would not give his name or address, so Mr Hughes would not be able to return the money. But he did want to thank Mr Hughes and wish him and his a merry Christmas; and if ever another war broke out he hoped Mr Hughes would be about the premises. He signed himself Digger.

Such a letter as that, Mr Hughes told a friend, made a lot of things worth while. He was right. It does. It is bread cast on the waters.

INDIA ON THE WAY TO DEMOCRACY

The First Elections

By the side of the Indian Elections even the Presidential Election of the United States is less epoch-making.

Here is a land of about 350 million people, of whom more than 250 millions live in the British Provinces of India, which is making the most daring experiment in democracy in the history of the East.

No fewer than 35 million voters, of whom six millions are women, have been invited to go, or have gone, to the balloting booths to vote for the legislatures of eleven provinces. In thinking of it we are reminded of the saying of an old Scotsman, when asked to account for a very unexpected occurrence: "It's no possible, but it's a fact."

Voting in Eleven Provinces

Here are simple people, peasants and workers on the land, outnumbering all the rest, most of them poor, many of them ignorant, asked for the first time to choose their own governors.

Their choice is directed at these first vast elections to the legislatures of the 11 provinces of British India, Bombay, Bengal, Madras, United Provinces, Delhi, Assam, and Punjab among them. Each is to have a Parliament and a Government with wide powers of its own. In these parliaments 1585 seats are to be filled.

The voting is slow because the constituencies are so wide and the voters are so scattered. Bengal, the United Provinces, and Madras have each larger populations than England. The North-West Province, smallest of them all, and with only 36,000 square miles compared with Bombay's 150,000, has a population almost equal to that of Scotland.

Thousands of Candidates

It is impossible to say what the voting will disclose, for many of the voters, especially the women, will hardly know what they are voting for. Of the several thousands of candidates for election many will be well known, or of local fame, and it is said that the majority are lawyers. The law is a favoured profession in India, as well as a profitable one, because of the love of many Indians, even of classes far from well-to-do, for petty lawsuits.

Consequently at every local election there were several lawyers for the voters to choose from. In the less progressive places some of the candidates added to their names the picture of a lotus or a mango to make sure that the voters should recognise their claims and vote for the right person.

It is more than likely that the elections were full of oddities like these; but the fact remains that even if some Indian electors found themselves voting for the fruits of the earth a first long step has been taken to add the vast realm of India to the list, not of Dependencies, but to that of Democracies.

PAINTING COMPETITION PRIZEWINNERS

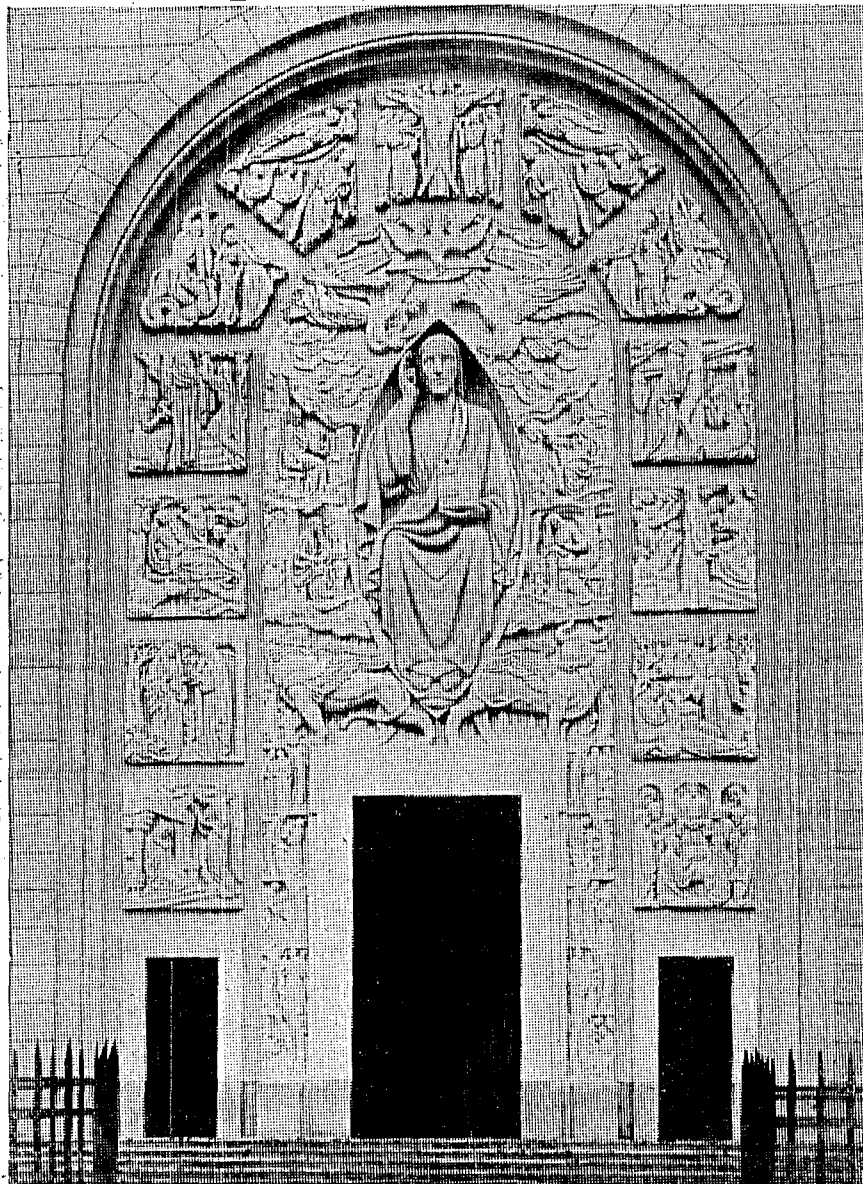
In C.N. Competition Number 18 the two prizes of ten shillings each were awarded to Barbara Lambert, 14 Driver Terrace, Silsden, Yorkshire; and Kathleen M. Self, 68 Athlone Road, Tulse Hill, S.W. 2.

The twelve half-crowns were awarded to the following:

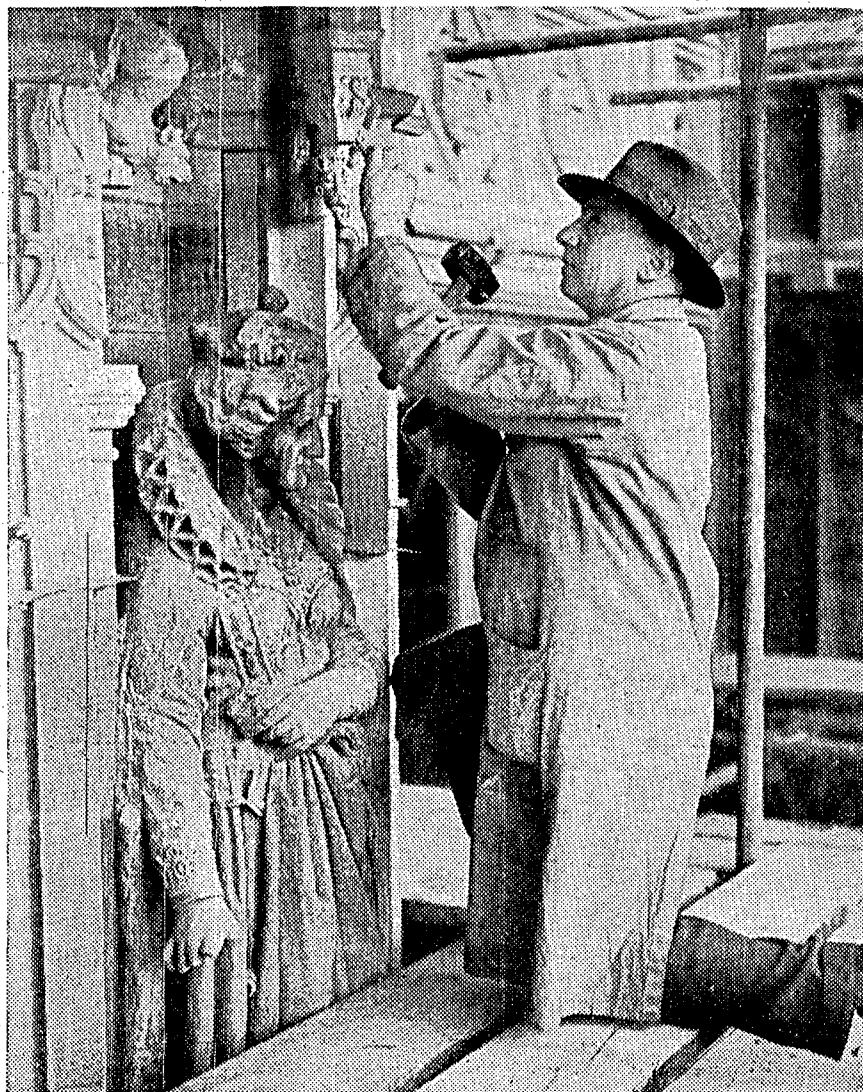
Brenda Booth, London, S.W. 11; Dorothy Booth, Sale, Cheshire; Jeanne A. Chaplin, Weston-super-Mare; Angela Fazey, Windsor; Alys Gibbs, Simonstone, near Burnley; Joan Gibson, Hounslow; Valerie Jelly, Pontiliffraith, Monmouthshire; William Johnson, Wigan; Stella Maude, Oxted; Rosemary Thompson, Barnes; Merle M. Ward, Oxford; Gladys Wise, London, N.W. 5.

Next week's C.N. will contain particulars of another splendid competition. Order your copy now.

Sculptures New and Old



The remarkable decoration round the main door of a new church at Gentilly, a suburb of Paris



Touching up the stonework setting for a statue of Queen Elizabeth during the restoration of the carvings on the Houses of Parliament

THREE COUNTRIES AT PEACE

SWISS SOLIDARITY

The Lesson of the Grouped Nations

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN

Those who use wireless to explore the world must have been struck by one item in the programme the other night, a Swiss play in the Three National Languages, by Bühner:

*Act One in German
Act Two in French
Act Three in Italian.*

This charming play is written on the theme of Federal Switzerland, which unites three nations, a German, a French, and an Italian, in fraternal bonds. Perhaps we ought also to mention a fourth language of the Swiss Republic—Romansch, which is spoken by only 50,000 Swiss subjects, but is still so much alive that the fourth nation desires to have its speech recognised in the Swiss Constitution.

A Gift of Tongues

The solidarity of Switzerland is so effective that the Republic enjoys a peace denied to many larger States. The only rivalries seem to be good ones. Naturally, the Swiss are splendid linguists, and while by no means all know French, German, and Italian, most of them know two languages. Indeed, the schools of each district always teach at least one language in addition to their own. We need not wonder, therefore, that the Swiss make good waiters; they have their native courtesy and the gift of several tongues.

What is so instructive about the Swiss Confederation is that it links together in peace several very distinct parts. The total population numbers about 4,200,000, and the division by language is approximately:

French 1,000,000	German 2,750,000
Italian 400,000	Romansch 50,000

No one dreams of these sections taking up arms against each other.

Our Varied Peoples

Nor need we go to Switzerland for illustrations of the great truth that all men are at heart alike and that their variations are to be welcomed as adding interest and savour to life. Who desires, we wonder, that all men should be precisely alike? Humanity is beautiful in its very variety.

Our own case comes first, both in its national and imperial aspects.

The United Kingdom is composed of England, Wales, Scotland, and Northern Ireland. That is to name four nations of originally different speech. Moreover, within each of them are variations, as, for example, between Yorkshire and Cornwall, Highlanders and Lowlanders.

And if we pass to the British Empire we find a mixture of races of every colour and creed between whom the spectre of war has been banished for ever.

The Example of America

Or consider the United States of America. Within a single political boundary, grouped in 48 largely self-governing States, we find 130,000,000 people, which include not only citizens from every European nation, but from all the world, with 13,000,000 Negroes.

Thus the possibility of complete human solidarity is not merely a pious hope. It is proved to be possible by the existence of diverse groups living together in great harmony. Within Germany, France, Italy, and Soviet Russia, to name no more, are variations of kind of a striking character. Each of them teaches the same lesson, that peace may reign between all sorts and conditions of men. That is our great hope for a future that many of our boys and girls will live to see.

GOOD TIMES MAY LAST Past Ups and Downs

WHY WE MAY BE SAFE

There have been so many ups and downs of trade in the past that some people are already giving way to fear that bad times will soon be upon us again. Here is the record of how trade went up and down.

In 1881 trade measured by exports was good; in 1886 it was very bad. It recovered and in 1890 was very good again, but by 1893 it was bad. Again came recovery and 1900 was a very good year, but bad trade recurred in 1908-9. In 1910 things were better, and in 1914, when the Great War broke out, very good. After the war the fluctuations were great, but 1929 had good exports, only to be followed by a terrible slump, from which we have since recovered.

A story this of ups and downs, of Booms alternating with Slumps, causing great unemployment and distress. That is why many people fear that, although things are brighter now, bad or very bad trade will soon come again.

There are some reasons, however, for hope that serious fluctuations may be better avoided in future. For one thing, in the old days we had no good measure of home trade, and the facts quoted relate to overseas trade, measured at our ports. The greater part of the present improvement in trade has been in the home market, and this can be maintained more steadily than export business, given the maintenance and improvement of home purchasing power.

Take Precautions

There are several things to do if we would build up a steady trade, unmarred by the big depressions of the past.

The first is that we should see that wages for work keep up with output, so as to maintain consuming power.

The second is that we should curb the false business we call speculation. This our banks can do by refusing credit save for the purposes of real business.

The third is that we should have ready schemes of good public works which can be put in hand as soon as any sign of slackness is perceived.

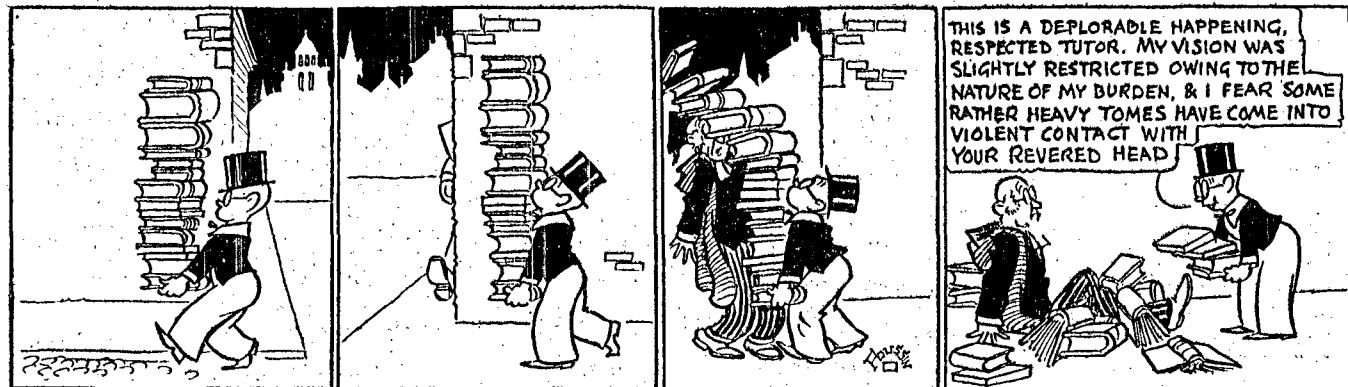
The fourth is that we should continue the splendid work of rehousing the people, for much depends on the activity of the building trade and the host of industries which supply its materials.

Given proper precautions, we are entitled to hope that the day will come when the needs of men, which are steady, and which tend to increase with knowledge of new inventions, will find expression in an ever-increasing call for goods, satisfied by an ever-increasing trade.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Sunshine . . . 48 hrs.	Falmouth . . 6.69 ins.
Rainfall . . . 3.70 ins.	Southampton . 6.06 ins.
Dry days . . . 10	Aberdeen . . 4.96 ins.
Wet days . . . 21	Birmingham . 3.70 ins.
Wettest day . . 1st	Gorleston . . 3.26 ins.
Warmest day . . 6th	Chester . . . 2.55 ins.
Coldest day . . 29th	Tynemouth . . 2.32 ins.

A Few Words From Theophilus



ANOTHER THANKFUL VILLAGE Now There Are 31

We have received news of one more Thankful Village to which all the men came back from the war, making 31 known. The list is given in Arthur Mee's *Enchanted Land*, the only book which mentions them.

It seems that South Elmham St Michael, near Bungay, is not the only village in Suffolk with this good fortune, for its near neighbour Ilketshall St John also welcomed back all who went to the war. There is no peace memorial in the charming 14th-century church, which hides among the trees by the Roman road from Dunwich to Caistor.

Within its flint walls are traces of earlier work, for the church was given to the nunnery of Bungay by Sir James of Ilketshall in the 13th century. There is a medieval font with the arms of the Bigods and the Mowbrays and an embattled tower.

The east window was the gift of Edward the Seventh when he was 20, the year of his father's death and of his student life, when he was reading history with Charles Kingsley at Oxford. The young prince gave the stone for the triple lancet, the stained glass being the gift of the lord of the manor.

There are only about 70 parishioners, but they are very proud of their church, their window, and their record in the war.

DUNEDIN AND THE GUNS No Room For Them in the Children's Park

Dunedin is New Zealand's most southern city, and its 100,000 citizens are largely descendants of the Scottish settlers who landed there in 1848. They called their new home Dunedin because that is another way of writing Edinburgh.

We hear now that Dunedin has said goodbye to its old guns. Nearly twenty years ago the civic authorities placed in their parks many guns captured during the World War; and then times changed. Many Dunedin people thought the ugly cannon were out of place in the parks where children play, and the Dunedin City Council decided that the guns must go.

The barrels of the bigger cannon are to be buried, and the carriages on which they were conveyed in their work of destroying life are to be used for scrap steel. Perhaps this steel will be beaten into ploughshares and pruning hooks!

OUT AND IN

George Mack has had a narrow escape. When he was on the beach near Dunbar a huge wave carried him off his feet and took him out to sea. Attempts were made to rescue him, but all hope of doing so had been abandoned when another great wave came rolling in, bringing George Mack with it.

SHIP ON FIRE How Shetland Remembers the Vikings

Toward the end of winter Lerwick, the capital of the Shetland Isles, celebrates what is known as Up-Helly-Aa.

Descended from Vikings who landed a thousand years ago, the Shetlanders are proud of their Norse origin, jealously guarding the traditions and customs of the past. Among these is a festival which the Norsemen believed to be a means of ensuring fair winds for their ships and bright days for their crops, and the custom of Up-Helly-Aa is a link with the days when everyone thought their torches speeded the sun's return. Once the festival lasted about a month; now it lasts a few hours.

A wonderful sight it is, stirring and dramatic, recalling the days of the Vikings, of whom Longfellow has given us such vivid pictures. Long before the festival is due the people are busy making torches, strange costumes, and a great model of a Viking ship, a careful and exact copy of those longships in which their ancestors sailed as pirates, spreading terror in our land so that people prayed, *From the fury of the Norsemen, good Lord deliver us.*

The Singing of Old Sagas

The model ship, gaily painted, its shields hanging at the sides, has a serpent's head rising far above the crowds who flock to see it.

On the day of the festival there is a grand procession, some of the torch-bearers marching through the streets, others dragging the great ship as it rests on a wheeled platform painted to look like the sea. Shouting and singing and cheering, they accompany the doomed vessel on its way down to the sea.

Rockets are fired, torch-bearers sing old sagas and popular songs, and when the ship, a sacrifice to the sun, reaches the harbour blazing torches are flung into it, and the darkness is illumined by the leaping flames as the proud vessel burns from end to end with a great roar and crackle.

This is how Lerwick celebrates Up-Helly-Aa a thousand years after the Vikings landed on the island.

25 YEARS AGO

From the O.N. of February 1912

The Great Property of the Nation. With the dawn of the New Year the State came into a new army of 18,000 servants, bringing with them a huge business—the business of the National Telephone Company, with its 400,000 users of the telephone, with 1,500 telephone exchanges, and 16,000 miles of telephone routes with their hosts of wires. Never again, when we call for a number on the telephone, shall we be asked "Post Office or National?" for all the public telephones in the land now belong to the State, with the exception of those in Portsmouth and Guernsey, where separate licences have been granted.

On Heavy Tomes

THE NEW BERLIN Twenty-Year Town Plan

Town-planning has always been the great care of German authority, with results that are the admiration of all who know them. While in our own land we have allowed industry to spread and sprawl as it pleased, the Germans have so regulated its growth that famous cities have retained their beauties.

Nuremberg, for example, is both an ancient monument and a manufacturing town; but there has been reverence for its loveliness, and one passes from the old to the new without being offended by incongruous modern growth. So it is everywhere in Germany.

Chancellor Hitler, who is an enthusiastic student of architecture, now announces a 20-year programme for the further development of Berlin, Munich, Hamburg, and Nuremberg, and we may be quite sure that, whatever is accomplished, historic monuments will be safeguarded and nothing done to "improve" beauty out of existence. There are to be fine gardens and squares and roads fitted to cope with modern traffic.

Civic Glories of Munich

Munich needs most careful treatment, for it is justly proud of its civic glories. Even its mortuary is a palace, where the dead are treated, whatever their class, as princes, and where they lie in state before burial. In Germany no dead body is allowed to remain in a private house: it must be taken to the public mortuary; and many people think this right. In Munich the dead are received with beautiful music played by silver trumpets in the great hall of the palace.

On the same scale of magnificence are the public baths of Munich. They are lined with marble, and on hot days the swimmers are refreshed with artificial rain. It will be understood that Munich is all agog to know what next is to be made of its city; we do not doubt that the extensions will be worthy of what is a civic masterpiece.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Both the British and World History broadcasts next week will take us to foreign lands. In World History we shall meet the great traveller Marco Polo, who journeyed from Venice to China in the 13th century. Listeners to Thursday's programme will hear about the East India Company.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Cultivation of Roses and Flowering Shrubs: by C. H. Middleton. 2.30 A song lesson by Thomas Armstrong.

TUESDAY, 11.30 The Physical Fitness Campaign: by K. C. Boswell. 2.5 Brock, the Badger: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 Book talk by S. P. B. Mais—Lawrence and the Arabs, by Robert Graves. 3.0 Schubert—pianoforte music: by Thomas Armstrong.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 A Medieval Adventurer—Marco Polo: by Wray Hunt. 2.30 Curious Body Chemistry: by R. C. Garry.

THURSDAY, 11.30 Northern Aides of Colombia and Venezuela: by L. Dudley Stamp. 2.5 Doors of all Sorts: by G. M. Bompfrey. 2.30 Pepper and the East: by Wray Hunt.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Through the Northern Sudan: by E. G. Sarsfield-Hall. 2.30 Letter Post: by S. P. B. Mais. Also film talk by Alistair Cooke. 3.0 Some Poems and the story of next week's play, a Story of St. George. 3.20 Music Interlude by Scott Goddard. 3.25 Tolstoy: by Desmond MacCarthy.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.5 Life on the Outer Isles: by Hector MacIver. 2.30 Scenes from Dickens's *Great Expectations*: by W. M. Clyde.

TUESDAY, 2.5 Scotland's Workshops: Deep in the Earth—Interlude.

WEDNESDAY, 2.30 As National.

THURSDAY, 2.5 Weekly News Review: by J. Spencer Muirhead. 2.20 Music (changing keys—tonic to dominant): by Herbert Wiseman. 3.0 Scottish History—Disputed Succession: by Doris M. Ketelbey and George Scott-Moncrieff.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Speech Training—Two sounds: by Anne H. McAllister. 2.30 Concert: Brahms—a symphony. 3.10 Plants without Flowers: by R. J. D. Graham.

THE RAPID APPROACH OF VENUS

Racing After Earth at 700,000 Miles a Day

HER INCREASING BRILLIANCE

By the C.N. Astronomer

Venus will present a charming spectacle next Sunday evening, February 14, when she will appear in the company of the crescent Moon and only about six times her diameter away, toward the south-west.

Actually a vast distance will separate them, for Venus is now about 58,000,000 miles away, while the Moon, almost at her nearest (in *perigee*), is only 230,000 miles from us. Venus will therefore be about 252 times farther away than the Moon. Were Venus as near as the Moon we should see a brilliant silvery body in the sky with a surface much brighter and more dazzling than the lunar surface, and also constantly changing, as her brilliant clouds shifted about into fresh groupings. Moreover, Venus would appear nearly four times wider than the Moon, because her diameter is about 7700 miles, whereas that of the Moon is only 2160.

Tidal Waves and Earthquakes

What a glorious object Venus would then present in her succession of phases, and night would cease to exist when she was present, the stars vanishing for about a fortnight. What terrific tides Venus would raise! Whole countries would be inundated by a great tidal wave that would sweep round the Earth twice a day, rendering a very large part of our present dry land uninhabitable, while most of the remainder would be torn by a succession of periodical earthquakes, since the Earth's more or less solid crust is very susceptible to tidal stress and strain. So, all things considered, it is far better that Venus is where she is, her tidal pull being something like seventy times greater than that of the Moon. Moreover, Venus would very soon pull the Earth out of her present course to revolve round a centre of gravity between them, when the two worlds would, so to speak, waltz round the Sun, while the days would gradually lengthen.

As it is, powerful telescopes can make Venus appear very much larger than the Moon appears to the naked eye. Just now Venus appears as shown in the left picture, but in a month's time she will appear as on the right, a beautiful crescent. Her apparent diameter will then be much greater, because she will have approached nearer to us. Venus will then be at her greatest brilliance, and on a clear dark night may be seen to cast a distinct shadow. It is interesting to experiment so as to see when this shadow first becomes perceptible. A good plan is to hold a pencil erect upon a sheet of white paper, when the shadow will be visible. Of course, there must be no Moon or any artificial lights about to cast their shadows, or that of Venus will become lost in the diffused light.

So rapidly is Venus racing after our world just now that she gets nearer by about 700,000 miles each day. Fortunately the pull of the Sun deflects her continuously into her orbital track within that of the Earth, so that she can never come too close. Venus will be at her nearest on April 18, when she will pass between our world and the Sun and be only 26,000,000 miles away; but she will then be invisible to us, as her sunlit side will be toward the Sun, her dark side facing us. We can only hope to see this radiant planet for about six weeks longer.

G. F. M.



Venus as seen now, and in a month's time

UMBRELLAS

Perhaps nothing is borrowed so often, and perhaps nothing is more rarely returned than an umbrella.

In Victorian times no gentleman was ever seen in the street without an umbrella, and Robert Louis Stevenson declared: It is the habitual carriage of the umbrella that is the stamp of respectability.

Although something very much like an umbrella was known in Saxon England the word was not used before Shakespeare's day, and umbrellas were not common in this country till the 18th century. Even then they were only carried by women.

Jonas Hanway Shows the Way

The first man to carry an umbrella in London was Jonas Hanway, and a brave man he was to do it. London was horrified. People said Jonas was ridiculously girlish. They said man had no right to keep off God's rain. They threw water over poor Jonas, pelted him with rotten fruit, jeered him, and ran after him; but he went on carrying his big umbrella. "Soon everybody will carry one," he said.

But he was wrong. Even thirty years after Jonas Hanway had folded his umbrella for the last time, in 1786, umbrellas were not commonly used. Inns and coffee-houses kept one, letting it out by the hour like a cab, but few people boasted one of their own.

Curiously enough, the driest countries had umbrellas hundreds of years before English folk used them. In Burma the umbrella has long been quite common, the white umbrella being reserved for the king and the sacred white elephant. The Mahratta princes of India have been known as the Lords of the Umbrella time out of mind. So old, indeed, is the umbrella that in the East it has been the symbol of royalty from the earliest times, and in ancient Egypt and Nineveh sculptures have been brought to light showing that the umbrella was well known thousands of years ago.

Saurey Gamp

In the British Museum is an impressive carving of 26 centuries ago showing a king of Assyria carrying an umbrella as he leads his army into battle; and it was recently discovered that Tutankhamen took his umbrella with him when he went on his last journey, the solemn procession to his wondrous tomb. After lying in the dark for 3000 years his umbrella has been put up in our own day.

It was Dickens who gave us the word gamp for a clumsy umbrella, his Sarah Gamp, a character in *Martin Chuzzlewit* who always carried one; and we never think of Robinson Crusoe without picturing him carrying his home-made umbrella. One of the most familiar and striking figures in America last century was Abraham Lincoln riding about the country with nothing more than what he could carry in his saddle-bags—and his cotton umbrella.

1 2 3

7,350,000 ounces of gold came out of Russian mines last year.

28,500,000 motor-cars are used in the United States.

128,000,000 out-patients have attended the London hospitals since 1921.

£31,884,000 was spent between April and December on rearmament orders in the distressed and special areas.

£58,752,000 represents New Zealand's exports for 1936.

£500,000,000 is invested in National Savings Certificates.

MARTYR TO TRUTH AND HONESTY

Giordano Bruno

WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY IF IT IS NEXT WEEK

Feb. 14. Battle of St Vincent	1797
15. Galileo the astronomer born at Pisa	1564
16. Melancthon, reformer, born at Bretten	1497
17. Giordano Bruno burned at Rome	1600
18. Martin Luther died at Eisleben	1546
19. David Garrick born at Hereford	1717
20. Joseph Hume died in Norfolk	1855

THE greatest of human rights is that of thinking the thoughts we must think, so as honestly to find out what is true. It is a right for which Giordano Bruno died, for in his day many men thought—and some still think—it wicked to find out honestly what is really true.



Bruno believed the world spins round and travels round the sun. We now all know it is true. He was burned at the stake for saying these and other things which he believed to be true. So he was a martyr to knowledge and honesty.

Bruno was an Italian who moved

about the world, persecuted, from place to place. From Italy he went to Geneva, to Paris, to England, to Germany, Bohemia, Switzerland, and Venice, where he was seized, sent to Rome, imprisoned seven years, and then burned. A statue in his honour stands now on the place where he suffered.

Bruno was a great and honest man, but in his search for truth he spoke with greater harshness of those who were wrong than wisdom required; for they too thought they were right.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards and sent to C.N. Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4, one question on each card, with name and address.

Does a Spider's Thread Re-enter Its Body?

No, for it is solidified when it reaches the air from the spinnerets.

Did Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots Ever Meet?

There is no record of this, though in 1562 a meeting was arranged, but postponed at the last moment when news reached England of a massacre of French Protestants by the Guises. Later it was cancelled.

What is the Origin of the Name Daphne?

It was the Greek word for the bay tree, into which one of Diana's attendant nymphs was changed, according to one of their legends.

How Many Field-M Marshals Are There in the British Army?

The number is limited to eight officers on the active list, but that figure is not often reached. Retired officers and foreign princes are given an honorary rank as Field-Marshal.

Why Are There Holes in Gruyère Cheese?

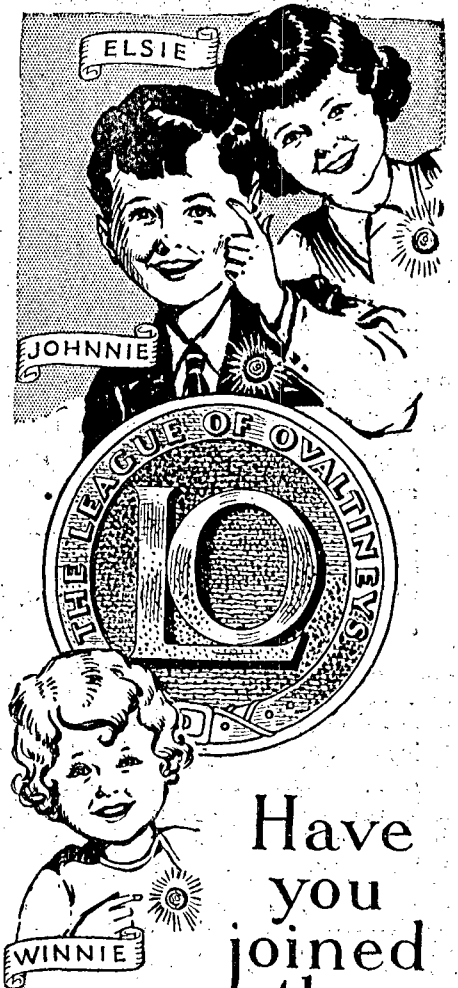
The holes are due to gases which form during manufacture and cannot escape from the round moulds in which the curd for this cheese is pressed.

Why is a Police Van Called a Black Maria?

The tradition is that it is named after a Boston Negress, Maria Lee, who was so strong that the American police called in her aid to overcome refractory offenders and convey them to the lock-up.

Why is a Cobweb So Named?

It means the web of the cop, a word abbreviated from the Anglo-Saxon for spider, attercop. Atter means poison and cop means head.



Have you joined the League of Ovaltineys?

ANY boy or girl who has not yet joined the League of Ovaltineys is missing lots of fun. There are secret high-signs, signals, and a mysterious code. Then there is the handsome bronze badge, which thousands of boys and girls are now wearing.

Elsie, Johnnie and Winnie—those popular Ovaltineys—will be happy to welcome you into the League.

FILL UP THE APPLICATION FORM BELOW

On receipt of the form below, the Chief Ovaltiney will send you the official Rule-book and tell you how to get your bronze badge. Send the form in an open envelope (1d. stamp).

POST THIS TO-DAY!

To the CHIEF OVALTINEY,
184, Queen's Gate,
London, S.W.7.

I wish to become a member of the League of Ovaltineys. Please send me, free, the official Rule-book of the League.

Name.....

.....Age.....

Address.....

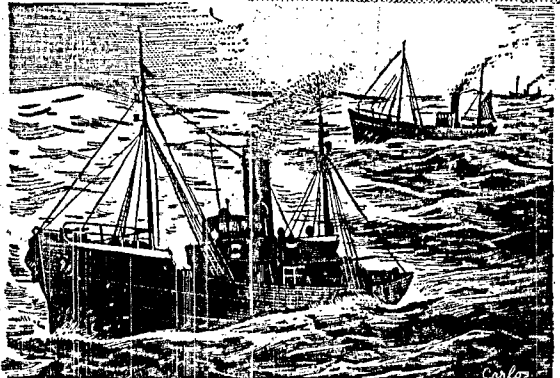
Children's Newspaper, 13.2.37 (Write in BLOCK letters)

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CHILDREN AND THEIR PARENTS love the fresh juicy orange flavour of Haliborange—no fishy taste whatever. Just half a teaspoonful for baby, rising to a dessertspoonful for adults. (Exact directions are given on every bottle.) Start Haliborange now.



British line-fishing vessels returning from their long stay in Northern waters with their catch of halibut.

Haliborange

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THE KING GEORGE VI & PRINCE PACKET FREE!

Only two stamps as yet have been issued bearing the portrait of our new King (when Duke of York), and there is one in this fine packet of 35 different stamps. Another portrays his brother, the Duke of Windsor (when Prince of Wales). There are fine newly issued stamps from Perak, Malaya and Selangor, U.S.A. (Christopher Columbus), sets of Czechoslovakia, Japan (Flower), Australia (incl. Cable stamp), old Canadians. Finally, there is a fine stamp portraying the Crown Prince of Belgium and a fine pictorial Colombian stamp. ALL ABSOLUTELY FREE. Just send 2d. postage, requesting approvals and free 1937 Catalogue. — LISBURN & TOWNSEND (G.N.), LIVERPOOL 3.



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WORLD'S END

Told by
T. C. Bridges

An Adventure in Four Parts

What Has Happened Before

Billy Bartlett and Sam Silver are in search of hidden treasure in Lost River. At the moment of starting Sam is kidnapped by a rough customer named Mart Rimmer. Billy tracks them to a hut on the edge of a wood.

CHAPTER 3

Billy's Brain Wave

How to get Mart Rimmer out of the hut? That was the problem.

In a flash inspiration came, and, turning, Billy raced back to his camp.

In spite of the soft, deep snow he made good time, for he had used snow-shoes almost ever since he could walk. He opened a pack, took out a stick of dynamite, a length of fuse, and some caps, then, snatching up his dog-whip, hurried back along his tracks.

It was still snowing when he got back, and there was no sign of anyone outside the hut. He did not think Rimmer would be in a hurry, for he would never imagine that Billy would venture to follow him alone.

Billy picked a tree a couple of hundred paces from the shack, cut a short length of dynamite, fused and capped it and tied it to the trunk. The fuse was long enough to burn for about five minutes. He chose a second tree a hundred paces deeper in the forest, and to this attached another small charge with a fuse to burn longer than the first. He went back, lit the first fuse, hurried to the second and lit that, then set off as hard as he could, circling through the bush so as to reach the far side of the cabin.

As he paused, panting, in a thick clump of sumach the first charge went off with a bang that echoed dully through the still falling snow.

Billy was as cool-headed a youngster as you could meet, but for the moment his anxiety was so great he could hardly breathe. Everything depended on whether Rimmer came out.

He had almost given up hope when he saw the door of the cabin open and the tall figure of his enemy appear outside. Rimmer was carrying a rifle and staring in the direction from which the sound had come. He waited so long that Billy had almost given up hope; then, at last, the man seemed to make up his mind, and Billy saw him gliding away from tree to tree, taking careful cover as he went. He vanished into the thick timber, and Billy began to move in toward the cabin. He had to be very careful, for if the dogs winded him and gave tongue Rimmer would of course come flying back.

Bang came the second report, and in spite of his anxiety Billy chuckled under his breath. Rimmer would certainly think someone was shooting at him and would be badly puzzled. Billy waited no longer; he made for the cabin at top speed. The dogs set up a din, but they were tied, so Billy did not have to use his whip. He burst in at the door, and there was poor Sam lying on a bunk tied hand and foot. The look on his face when he saw Billy was payment for all Billy's risk and trouble.

Out came Billy's knife; he slashed Sam loose.

"Your snow-shoes!" he snapped. "Put them on. Hurry!"

Sam's rackets were in a corner. While he put them on Billy went to work on Rimmer's dog harness. He cut it all to pieces. That job took about fifteen seconds, and within less than half a minute from the time Billy entered the hut he and Sam were travelling hard away from it.

To Billy's intense relief, Sam was quite good on the snow. It takes a lot of practice to use the broad Indian snow-shoes, but Sam seemed to have learned the trick of it and was able to keep up with Billy. Neither of them spoke. They had no breath to spare for talking. As Billy well knew, the job was only half done. If Mart Rimmer caught them before they could harness up and get away that would be their finish. And Billy was very sure Rimmer would not give up very easily. There was not much the man would stick at to win £8000 worth of gold.

The trouble was that they were leaving tracks which even a child could follow. That they couldn't help. To make matters worse, the storm was almost over. The snowfall was getting thinner every minute, and already a glint of blue was showing overhead.

"Stop or I'll shoot!"

They were halfway back to Billy's camp and Billy was beginning to hope they were

going to win out when they heard this shouted order.

Billy, who was leading, swung sharply to the left. They were on a slope, and below was a tamarack swamp where the trees were so thick they gave almost complete shelter. As the two dashed into it there was a sharp crack, and a bullet cut the branches overhead.

"He's trying to scare us," Billy said. "Go slow, Sam. It's bad ground."

There were logs, dead branches, and swamp holes under the snow; but Billy glided in and out, avoiding all dangers.

Rimmer did not fire again. It was useless, for he could not even see the boys. But his long legs ate up the ground at terrible speed, and next moment they heard him swishing along behind them. He was much faster than they, and Billy's heart sank, for he did not see how they could possibly get away. Even if they reached the camp first they had to harness the dogs. Rimmer was bound to catch them before they could start.

Billy took a desperate risk. He turned right into the heart of the swamp. There were springs underneath, and the snow was stained with the brown swamp water that oozed up from below.

Rimmer came after. He was much too angry to be cautious.

The snow sank under Billy; he half turned, grabbed Sam's arm and swung him out of danger. Next moment there was a crash, a yell. Glancing back over his shoulder, Billy saw Rimmer flat on his face, almost buried in the slushy snow.

"This way," said Billy sharply, and whirled back on to firmer ground. A minute later he and Sam were out of the swamp and headed for their camp.

"We're all right now," Billy said.

"He'll be after us again, won't he?" Sam asked.

"Not for hours," Billy chuckled. "He's smashed one of his rackets, and by the time he has repaired that and his dog harness we'll be ten miles away."

Sam looked at Billy. "I know you were the man for my money," he said.

CHAPTER 4

The Wolf Howls

It seemed Billy was right, for when, after a hard day's travel, the two reached the crest of the Big Horn hills just before sunset and looked back there was not a sign of Rimmer. Nor, when darkness came, could they see the point of light which would mean a camp fire.

"He's given it up and gone back," Sam declared, but Billy shook his head.

"Rimmer won't give up as easily as that. Tell me, Sam, did he get anything out of you?"

"Not a word."

"But he knows we are making for Lost River, and you can be jolly certain he will follow. Our one chance is to beat him to this cache, get the gold, and clear out before he can arrive."

"Can we do it?"

"Yes, but it will mean hard going. The worst of it is that it's so late in the spring. The thaw may come any time. Then dogs are no use."

Sam looked grave. "That's bad."

"It might be worse. Listen! If we can reach Squaw Lake before the thaw we can get a canoe from the Indians there. Then we go up the Pelly and so into Lost River. Can you paddle?"

Sam nodded. "Dad taught me."

"Good! Two ought to make better time than one, and with any luck we'll beat Rimmer to the cache. But it will mean fast travelling."

"I'm game," Sam said quietly, and Billy saw he meant it.

He did mean it. During the days that followed Billy was amazed at Sam's pluck and endurance. The sun grew warm at midday, the snow softened so that it was terrible toil to travel. Dogs and boys grew thin and worn. They took little time for rest or food, but they covered the ground, and struggled into the settlement at Squaw Lake just as the last of the snow vanished under a pelting rain storm.

The ice had broken, but Moffat, the canny old Scot who was in charge of the post, told them that the Pelly was still full of floes and they would have to wait a couple of days before it was safe to travel. The delay was worrying, but they had this consolation—that Rimmer, if he was still following, would be stuck in the mud. Meantime they rested and talked to Moffat about the Lost River country, though they

Continued on page 15

Continued from page 14

did not tell him what they were after. The old fellow shook his head. "Ye will not get Indians to go up there," he said.

"Why not?" Billy asked.

"Yon's bad country. Folk go in there and dinna come out. There's tales of a big wolf—a werewolf, the Indians say. If you two were my sons I wad not let ye gang up there."

"We shall be all right," said Billy, with a laugh. "We'll buy a gun from you, and if the werewolf shows up he'll get it hot."

"So Moffat's got the same story," said Billy to Sam later, when they two were alone. "There must be something in it."

"We'll do as you say, Billy, buy a gun. It'll be a bad wolf that survives a charge of buckshot."

They got the gun, they got the canoe, and there was no sign of Rimmer when they left the settlement. The weather was fine, and when they reached the Felly there was little ice left. Sam paddled well and, though they had to buck a heavy stream, they got on well. Within three days from Squaw Lake they were at the mouth of Lost River, and both felt a thrill as they turned into it.

Lost River ran through flat country. It was a desolate sort of stream with wide stretches of swampy land on either side. The banks were covered with jack pine in which there seemed to be no life at all. In spite of the bright spring sunshine the country had a gloomy, desolate appearance.

The sun was setting on the evening of their second day's travel up the river when they entered an oval lake about a mile long. The surface was smooth as a pond and the dark water reflected the sunset in long streaks of lurid crimson. The silence was complete, and Billy, though not in the least superstitious, shivered slightly. But Sam was full of excitement.

"This is the place, Bill. We've struck it at last." He pointed as he spoke. "The cabin ought to be there on the north bank."

Billy shook off the queer feeling of depression that had come upon him. He drove in his paddle, and the dark water hissed as the light craft shot toward the spot Sam had pointed out. Sure enough, there was a landing—a rough staging of logs deep among the reeds. They reached it and scrambled ashore. Billy carried the gun and Sam a spade and axe.

A path almost overgrown by thick bushes ran up from the landing and brought them to a clearing in which stood a well-built cabin. But the clearing was thick with frost-killed weeds, and the cabin itself had a weather-worn, deserted appearance. All around the opening the jack pines stood so thick and close they seemed to be crowding in upon it. Again Billy shivered, but Sam was all excitement.

"This is the place, Bill. The gold is under the floor of the living-room."

"Then let's get it and clear out, Sam," said Billy, so sharply that Sam turned and stared.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I don't know. I hate the place. There's something wrong with it."

Sam paused a moment. He looked puzzled. Then he shrugged.

"All right, old chap. If you feel that way we'll get the gold and start away at once."

The door was still sound, and opened with a creak of ungreased hinges. The living-room was of good size but, having only one window, and that covered with cobwebs, was very dim. There was a stove, a table, some stools, and a couple of bunks were fixed against the wall. There was not much dust, but everything looked damp and mouldy, and there were cobwebs everywhere. Billy frowned as he looked round at the empty place. He still had that unpleasant feeling of something wrong. Sam got busy examining the floor.

"Here we are," he cried in sudden excitement. "The trapdoor is under the table."

Billy gave him a hand to lift the heavy table aside, then Sam levered up the trapdoor with the axe. Underneath was a hole about three feet by two and four deep. Sam struck a match and held it over the opening. He lowered it as far as his arm would reach and stared into the depths. He drew a long breath.

"There's nothing there," he said in a tone of intense dismay.

"Nothing there!" repeated Billy. Before either could speak again the silence was broken by an awesome sound, a long-drawn howl, wild and savage beyond description.

"The wolf!" gasped Billy, and, gun in hand, sprang toward the open door.

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO'S UNLUCKY SHOT

JACKO woke up one morning to find the ground thick with snow.

He gobbled up his breakfast, and then scampered to the woodshed to get out the sledge. But to his surprise it was nowhere to be found.

Off he darted to the scullery, nearly pitching over Mrs Scrubbs, who was on her knees washing the floor.

"I say!" he cried. "Where has my toboggan got to?"

"What! That old crock!" snorted

gingerly picking his footsteps in the snow. Jacko promptly made a big snowball and got ready to throw it.

"Coo!" he chuckled. "Watch me pot a neat one at that old guy!"

He aimed so swiftly that it knocked the poor man's hat off.

The next second Jacko had a shock. "Help!" he breathed. "I believe that's Dad."

It was. Father Jacko swung round with such a threatening growl that the



"You wait, my boy!" he spluttered

Mrs Scrubbs. "Why, the wood went mouldy months ago, so I chopped it up."

Jacko glared furiously. And Mrs Scrubbs glared back. Then he stalked out, and met his friend Chimp, who had come for some snowballing.

Soon the boys were having a grand time in the park, pelting hard and dodging one another round the trees.

"I know!" cried Chimp. "Let's get behind this big tree and shy at everyone who goes past."

Presently a middle-aged man came along, muffled up to the eyebrows, and

young rascal climbed up into the tree for safety.

"You come down this instant!" roared his father, shaking an angry fist.

Jacko grinned and sprang on to a higher branch.

Splash! The sudden jerk dislodged the snow. Down it came like a deluge on to Father Jacko's face, trickled down his neck, and drenched his muffler and collar.

"You just wait, my boy," he spluttered, striding off in a fine rage.

And when at last Jacko sneaked quietly home he didn't have very long to wait!

2D ROWNTREE'S FRUIT CLEAR GUMS 2d

Mm-mm - they last!

Taste the Fruit in Rowntree's Gums & Pastilles

There's a variety of real-fruit flavours in Rowntree's Gums and Pastilles! Tangerine—is that your favourite? Then here's tangerine at its juiciest—among many other tempting fruit flavours—lime and lemon—soothing blackcurrant—luscious raspberry!

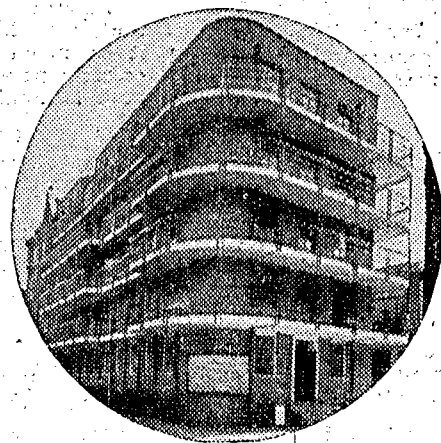
FRUIT CLEAR GUMS are hard
FRUIT PASTILLES are medium
And if you like soft confectionery try 'JUICY-FRUIT'S' in packets or loose 6d, 1/4 lb.

2D TUBES
3D PKTS
6D PKTS

Carillon

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THE INFANTS HOSPITAL—the first Hospital of its kind to be founded in Europe—was established in 1903 for the treatment of the diseases and disorders of nutrition. There are now 100 cots; accommodation for seven Nursing Mothers; an Out-patient Department; X-Ray; Artificial Sunlight and Massage Departments; a Research Laboratory; a Lecture Theatre; and a Milk Laboratory. The work carried on in the wards is supplemented by the Convalescent Home at Burnham, Bucks, with eighteen cots.



THE HOSPITAL IS ENTIRELY DEPENDENT UPON VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS FOR ITS MAINTENANCE.

FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED

President: H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL.
Chairman: LORD KEMSLEY.

Subscriptions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the Secretary:

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL

Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W.1

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

February 13, 1937

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB

Arithmetical Puzzle

I AM going to sell these pen-nibs a penny a dozen cheaper (said the shopkeeper to his assistant), so in future you must give one more for a penny.

What was the new price per dozen? *Answer next week*

Quarts of All Sizes

ABOVE a shop-door in Devizes A tinman his wares advertises In language that's queer: "Take notice—sold here, Quart measures of all shapes and sizes!"

How the Porcupine Got Its Name
PORCUPINE, spelled in medieval times porkepyne, is from the Old French porc espin, porc meaning pig and espin a spine or prickly. The name therefore means the prickly pig, though it is not a pig, but a rodent.

Rhyming Riddle

IN Amsterdam tis common,
Yet Holland wants it still;
It's on every moor and mountain,
Yet not on any hill.
It never was in Italy,
But yet in Rome appears;
It comes in every minute,
Yet not in twenty years.

Answer next week

Fed Up

WAITER: Didn't I bring you a menu, sir?
Would-be Diner (tired of waiting): If you did I ate it.

Ici on Parle Français



Le fauteuil La bibliothèque Le livre
armchair library book
Jack est pelotonné dans le grand fauteuil à la bibliothèque, il lit un livre.

Jack is curled up in the big arm-chair in the library, reading a book.

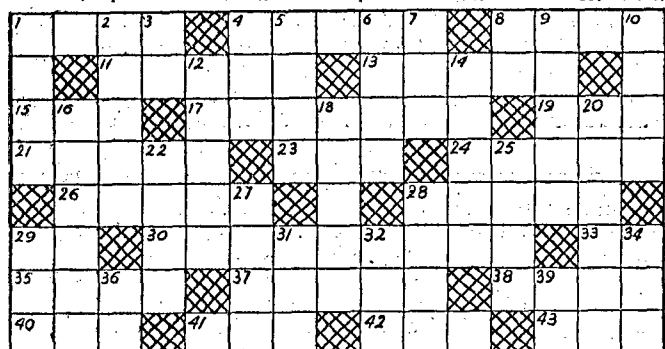
This Week in Nature

ALL growers of apples should now prepare against the ravages of the apple weevil, which will be on the wing at the beginning of next month. This little brown and chestnut-coloured insect deposits its eggs in a blossom bud, and, when hatched, a maggot emerges, which eats away the stamens and then the fruit. The weevil usually conceals

The CN Cross Word Puzzle

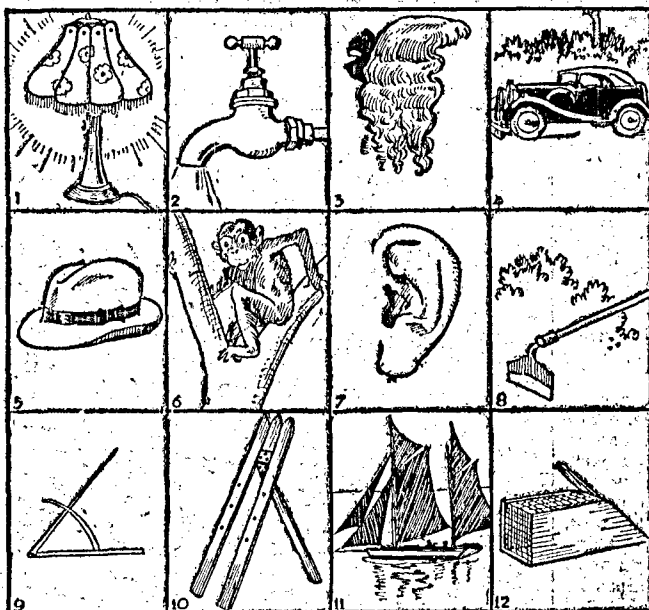
Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues below. *Answer next week*

Reading Across. 1. To go. 4. To test the purity of a metal. 8. A circle of gold. 11. Path of a planet through space. 13. Redbreast. 15. A considerable quantity. 17. One who pursues an art without thought of gain. 19. Hard-shelled fruit. 21. Dismal. 23. Yes. 24. The white poplar. 26. Poisonous snake. 28. Affirms with confidence. 29. Preposition. 30. Teaching. 33. Note in the tonic solfa scale. 35. Lacerated. 37. One who falls. 38. A squirrel's nest. 40. A period of time. 41. Of the deepest black. 42. Demand. 43. Before.



Reading Down. 1. A down. 2. Distinguished. 3. Doctor.* 4. To endeavour. 5. To remain in a place. 6. A yard. 7. Second person singular. 8. Royal Institution.* 9. Internal. 10. Entrance to a castle. 12. Exposed. 14. Well done! 16. A public speaker. 18. Largest State of U.S.A. 20. A long loose overcoat. 22. Town near entrance to Red Sea. 25. To curve. 27. Control. 28. Melodies. 29. Devoured. 31. A baby's bed. 32. Popular beverage. 34. Organ of sight. 36. Royal Academician.* 39. Royal Engineers.*

Add a Letter and Make a New Word



ADD a letter to the name of each object shown here and make a new word by using the following clues: 1. A kind of clasp. 2. Narrow linen strip. 3. Piece of furniture. 4. A fish. 5. To talk a lot. 6. Short sleeveless cloak. 7. Furry animal. 8. Footwear. 9. A bracelet. 10. Cousin of the stoat. 11. A rough drawing. 12. Long strip of leather. *Answer next week*

itself under the bark of trees, but takes advantage of any sticks or leaves lying beneath the trees. These sticks and other rubbish should be burned and the trees treated with a substance to keep the weevil from doing any damage.

I Once Knew a Man

I ONCE knew a man who was a musical mad, A hundred years old was the fiddle he had. I never complained, but, whenever he played, I wished I had lived when that fiddle was made.

Trouble With White Paper

COLOURED silk articles should never be wrapped in white paper. As a rule lime is used for bleaching white paper, and in course of time this may affect the colour of the material. In such cases it is much better to use coloured paper, which will not have harmful effects.

Charade

THE cat did my first, with a curl of her tail,
When the game she had made quite secure
By means of my second, and not of my whole,
As you will agree, I am sure.

Answer next week

Absent-Minded

THE wife of the professor asked him how he remembered that he had forgotten his umbrella. "I missed it," said he, "when I raised my hand to close it after the rain had stopped."

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Venus, Saturn, and Uranus are in the South-West. In the morning Mars is in the South and Jupiter in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon at 7 o'clock on Monday evening, February 15.



Imitating Bird Calls

AMUSING imitations of bird calls can be secured in this way. Hollow out a fair-sized cork at the bottom and press it against a piece of wet glass, drawing it at a slight angle. By varying the angle and pressure a realistic impression of a chirping bird can be produced.

The Mysterious Numeral

UNTO a certain numeral One letter add, sad fate.
What first was solitary You will annihilate.

Answer next week

Those Who Come & Those Who Go
HERE are the figures for births and deaths in 10 towns for the four weeks up to January 23, compared with the corresponding weeks in 1936.

TOWN	1937	1936	1937	1936
London	4790	4463	7426	5269
Glasgow	1828	1631	2005	1833
Edinburgh	568	565	713	595
Nottingham	412	336	475	389
Swansea	175	177	195	191
Blackpool	104	82	204	187
York	94	81	134	109
Watford	84	79	69	55
Cambridge	79	57	79	75
Bath	77	70	88	88

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

A Rhyming Riddle Time N
Transposition H O E
Inch, chin N O U N S
Jumbled Indoor Games. Musical chairs; hunt the slipper; charades; family coach; postman's knock.

Five-Minute Story

The Speaking Tube

STAN and Harold lived in the corner house, and their long garden wall was in Station Road, so that from the end of it they could see the station entrance. This was rather jolly when they were expecting visitors, or when they wanted to know which train Dad had caught.

Stan had made a look-out post at the far end of the garden, and had rigged up a speaking tube to the gate, so that he and Harold could exchange news. An old garden-hose and a couple of whistles made up their equipment, and all sorts of news sped to and fro.

"Mum has bought a big plum cake from the baker."

"Here is Mr Jones bringing our new suits."

"Pancakes for dinner! I've just seen Mum tossing the first one!"

"Mr Edwards has missed the 10.50! He did look wild when he heard it go out without him!"

One morning when they had just taken up their positions Harold blew his whistle, and, when he heard Stan's answering toot, cried:

"I say! There's a telegraph boy knocking next door, and Mr Hamilton has just gone round the corner with a suitcase. I guess he's going off by train. See if you can stop him and tell him about the boy."

Stan was already astride the wall. He looked into the road and saw that their neighbour had just passed.

"Hallo, Mr Hamilton!" he shouted. "A telegraph boy is knocking at your door."

Their neighbour wheeled about and looked up at Stan.

"But how do you know?" he asked.

"My brother has just told me through our speaking tube," he explained, holding up his end of the old hose.

"That's a good idea!" laughed Mr Hamilton. "No doubt you get lots of fun out of it. Thank you for telling me, Stan. I fancy you have saved me a useless journey. I was to meet a friend in London today unless he wired to the contrary. This must be his message. By the way, if you boys would like to rig up a real telephone I've some useful odds and ends. Shall I bring them round this afternoon?"

You can guess what Stan's answer was.

The boys had a fine time getting their phone fixed up, and it is used even more than the old speaking tube was. There is an extension to Mr Hamilton's workroom too, and when he has an interesting job on he invites the boys to help him.

Cakes cost LESS

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